Exclusive: Jailhouse interview with Cuban terrorist Orlando Bosch

8-10

MAY 13. 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times ®

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AMERICA'S KILLER WATER

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

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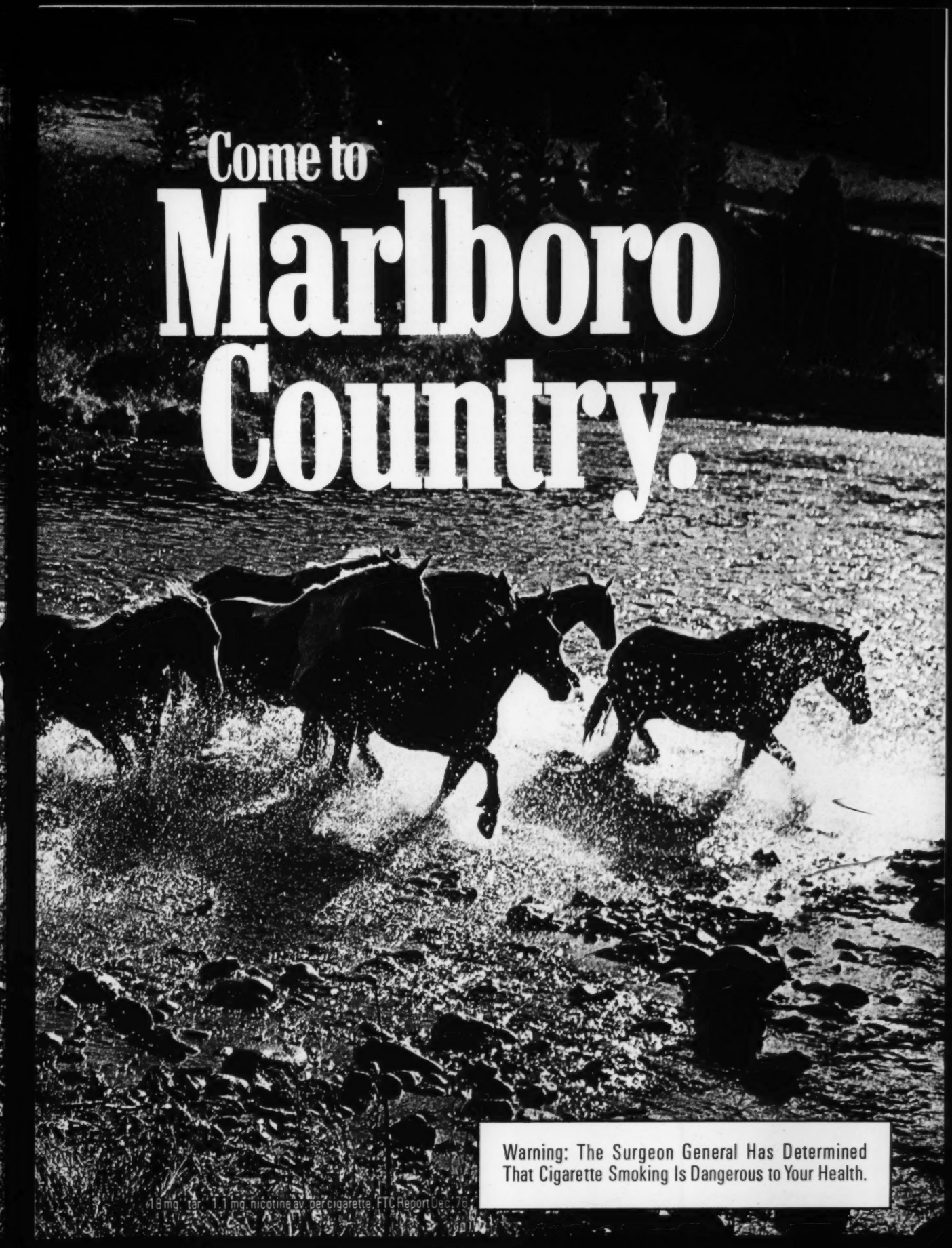
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MAY 13, 1977
VOLUME 8, NUMBER 10

New Times

Troubled waters

In our last issue, we detailed the painful lack of water in the western states. In this issue, Lawrence Wright tracks the awesome decline in the *quality* of the nation's water: In Biscayne Bay, the fish are turning into diseased monsters. In New Orleans, 112 chemicals have been found in the drinking water and the cancer mortality rate is soaring. Coast to coast, animals—and people—are paying a fearful price for the continuing contamination of our lakes, rivers and oceans.

By Lawrence Wright

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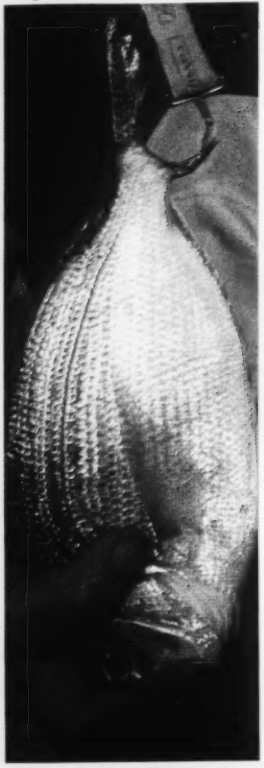

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF

"I am going to declare war"

Dr. Orlando Bosch, one of the world's most notorious terrorists, is now in a Venezuelan jail on charges of a bombing that killed 73 people. In an exclusive interview, the Cuban exile tells of his secret alliances with Latin American governments and his plans for those whom he views as "traitors."

By Blake Fleetwood

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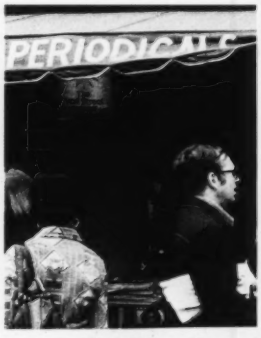

Trees died for these

Gambling Times, Woodenboat, Firehouse, Violent World, Punk, Head and *Wet* (the magazine for gourmet bathing). It's magazine mania; and everyone, but *everyone*, is in on the act.

By Paul Slansky and Jerry Lazar

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Learning to love *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*

Screams, decaying corpses, severed hands, a deranged, chain-saw-wielding masked murderer. As unlikely as it sounds, director Tobe Hooper managed to take these hackneyed elements of terror and create a film that is lyrical, even comforting, in its unrelenting horror. His explanation: "If the magician is good, you can't really even see the tricks."

By Charlie Haas

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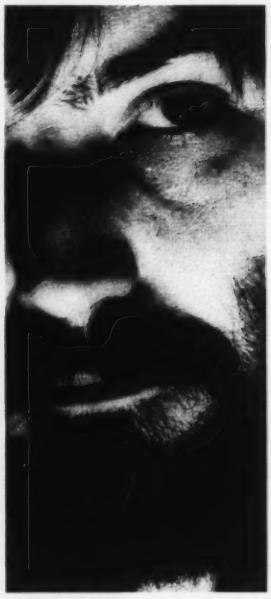

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Jimmy Carter's energy policy takes a twist on an old saw: now it's power to the (oil) people.
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Party Lines

The spoils of oil/By Robert Shrum

Franklin Roosevelt had his Hundred Days and Jimmy Carter will be remembered for his Energy Week. But history never really repeats; it only resembles. Roosevelt's America knew it was in crisis. As he said, the people were clamoring "for action—and action now." Carter's America has to be convinced. He worried, publicly, that doing right would cross the special interests, wound him politically, maybe even deny him a second term. One has to admire his willingness to do it anyway—and his cleverness in profiling his own courage in advance. Roosevelt, fox and lion, might have figured out the same brave pose. For Carter, it has proved to be self-negating prophecy: He stayed way up there in the polls after his energy presentations, partly because he predicted he would go down. "He sold the idea that he was biting the bullet," says an aide to one Democratic senator. "If you are against the plan, you must be a tool of selfish interests."

That idea has indeed taken—people may hate the gasoline tax, but they don't feel good about *not* asking what they can do for their country. And the image of presidential bravery is half-real: Carter *has*, in fact, challenged the knee-jerk habits of a nation of car lovers and conspicuous consumers. But there remains one central weakness in his energy package. Toward the petroleum industry, that most special of all the interests in our energy economy, the President's proposals are neither tough nor brave. "The program preserves and expands windfall profits and monopoly power," says Jim Flug, the director of a public lobby called the Energy Action Coalition. And he's right.

The plan includes a price increase for "new" natural gas from $1.45 to $1.75 per thousand cubic feet. Last year, a federal court calculated that 52 cents would be a "fair and reasonable" return; every penny above that is pure excess profit. According to one Administration consultant, "Carter went for the $1.75 figure as a tradeoff for bringing in the intrastate natural gas under federal control," meaning that companies no longer will be able to hoard gas in the producing states and sell it at a regulated price. But the gas industry gained more than it lost. Flug estimates that the $1.75 rate will give it 5.5 billion extra dollars during the next decade. "New" oil gets the same treatment—and treat. Producers will be able to push up their prices 20 percent— to the OPEC level.

The oil lobby worked hard on the definition of that word "new." Originally, "new" oil or gas was defined as coming from a new well five miles or more from an existing well. But the weekend before Carter's speech, that distance suddenly shrank by half. Kenneth BeLieu, a former Nixon Administration official, led the last-minute industry charge for that change. It was hard even for insiders to talk to energy czar James Schlesinger: Brock Adams, the secretary of transportation, had to wait to see the new program in the newspapers. Yet BeLieu was able to reach Schlesinger the Saturday before Carter's Monday TV address to the nation; he and Schlesinger have been friends since the latter's days as Nixon's defense secretary. The effort was well worthwhile for the oil companies, for the difference between 5 and 2.5 miles is not just distance, but money. More old wells can be shut down and more new ones drilled in the same fields to pump the same oil at a much higher profit.

The Carter program's greatest boom for the oil industry is its continued tolerance of monopolistic practices. The White House fact sheet on energy ruled out further antitrust legislation "at the present time." The Schlesinger technocrats had an "option-list" computing how many more barrels of oil each possible step would yield at what political cost. "Considered in that context," Environment Defense Fund Counsel Phil Mause comments, "divestiture was bound to lose." The oil states' congressmen and lobbies would fight it to the bitter end, Schlesinger experts figured; and besides, by breaking up the oil companies, they wouldn't conserve any energy, or produce any more. It was one of those "on balance" decisions that leave out the crucial factor: The issue, as Carter himself might put it, is one of "simple justice." Monopoly power manipulates and exploits the marketplace.

The Energy Action Coalition had hoped that at least the incentives for coal and solar power would be limited to independent operators, thus discouraging big oil dominance of those alternative sources. But the Carter plan would let the oil conglomerates in on the incentives; when it comes to coal, the plan actually encourages monopoly profiteering. Bethany Weidner, an energy adviser to

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

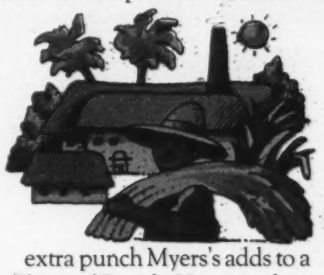
The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

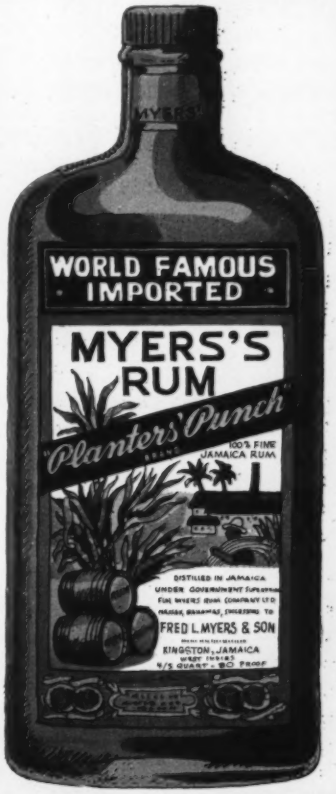
made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

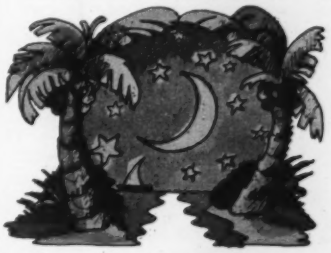
Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



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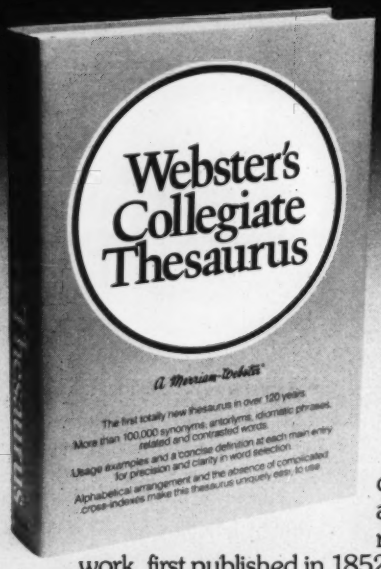
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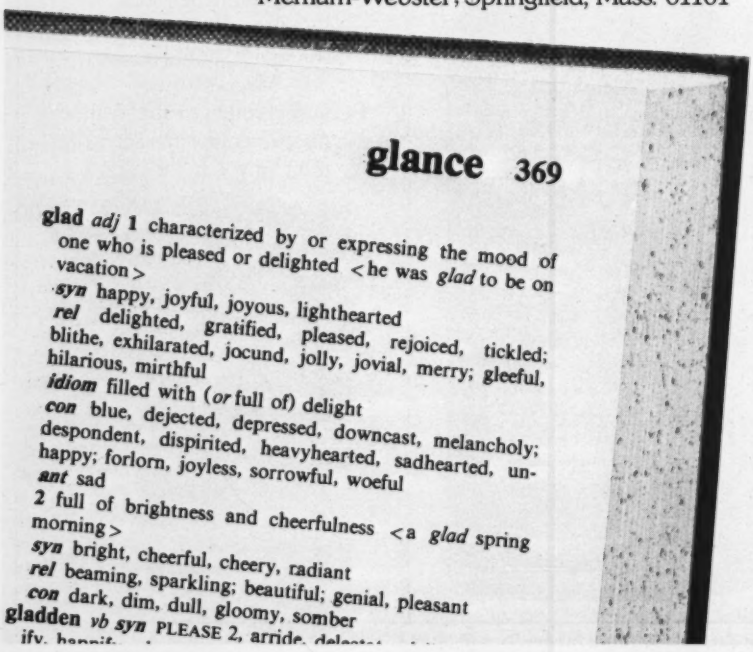

glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>

syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful

idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight

con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

ant sad

2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>

syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant

con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber

gladden *vb* ***syn*** PLEASE 2, arride, delect[illegible]

ify, happif[illegible]

Senator Jim Abourezk, explains: "All fuel prices are going to be regulated except coal. The Administration regards it as the fuel of the future, and the oil industry already owns a controlling share of it. They could set coal prices at the kind of high rates they've set for oil and gas, far above the cost of production."

The President did toss out a few antitrust bones during Energy Week. He promised to enforce the existing laws vigorously—which is, of course, his constitutional duty. He did propose mandatory reporting of oil reserves, and he did say that "we don't have enough competition." In sum, he did exactly what the Energy Coalition's Flug warns against: "Rhetoric about antitrust may even be a negative factor because that route has been so unavailing; it might be taken as a signal by industry that the coast is clear."

But wait a minute: If industry has done so well, why is it complaining so much? Because that is business as usual in politics. The corporate gripe about Carter's energy policy is not with what industry got, but simply that it wants more. While watching the President's speech on television during a dinner party at the Saudi Arabian embassy, Frank Ikard, president of the American Petroleum Institute, told a tablemate: "It's a good program, it just needs just a few modifications." For example, having successfully narrowed the 5-mile definition between "old" and "new" wells by 50 percent, the oil companies already are campaigning to finish the journey on Capitol Hill. Their goal is to be able to cap old wells and then sink new ones right beside the old, thus doubling their return from the same fields. Talk about chutzpah.

The Carter plan will be amended in Congress. The reformers are likely to do most of the proposing, the pro-industry forces most of the disposing. The program already has split the liberals. The environmentalists are satisfied to have the conservation-half of the loaf and swallow the rest of it. One activist says bluntly: "I want the price of energy to go up. I want it for conservation and I don't care if there are ripoff profits." He fears that a liberal fight on the antitrust issue will jeopardize the best of the program.

Maybe so. Maybe reforms aimed at the special interests are simply unrealistic. "Do you really think anybody—Kennedy, McGovern, anybody—could win a fight now to redistribute economic power in this country?" an Edward Kennedy aide asked me recently. In the end, then, most of us are going to have to bite the bullet. But for the oil industry, it turns out to be bubble gum. ●

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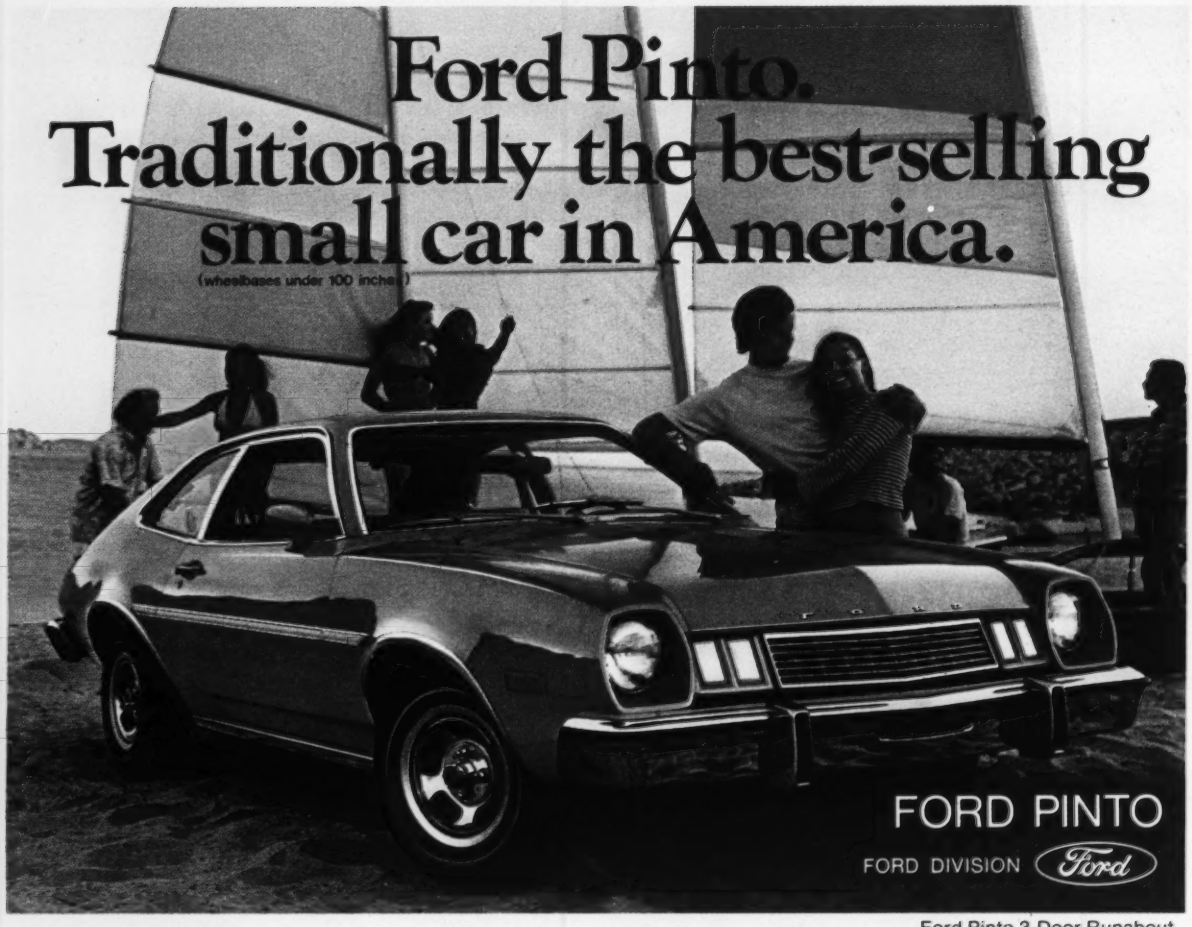

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Used Car Retail Prices, April 1977

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1973	$1,167	$1,519	$352
1974	$1,489	$1,814	$325
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Source: National Average N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide

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Slow Down

Wisdom of the apes/By James S. Kunen

Why is Jimmy Carter like a chimpanzee?

Because they both tell lies.

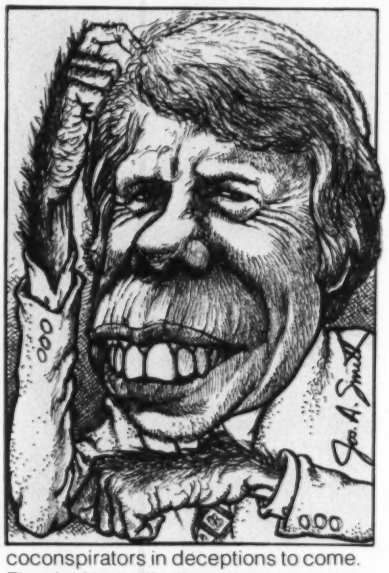
That's the news from Columbia University, where psychologist Herbert Terrace and his assistants have been teaching a chimp named Nim to "speak" in American sign language. Nim has spent his three-and-a-half-year life in human households, where he is treated as a member of the family, eating at least one meal a day with his human companions and helping out in the kitchen—stirring foods, adding ingredients and cleaning. For the past two years, Nim has received six hours of intensive language instruction, five days a week, at Columbia. Thus far, he's mastered 95 words, which he uses in 5,000 different sequences up to 18 words long, and he is learning new signs at the rate of two a week. Dr. Terrace analogizes Nim's intelligence to that of a two-year-old child.

Nim speaks spontaneously now, without prompting or reward. He picks up a bottle of juice, signs "Me Nim drink," takes a sip, then signs "You Susan drink" and gives it to his teacher Susan. He even talks about his feelings. When he is angry, Nim signs the word "bite" instead of actually biting the person he is angry at. He signs "sorry" before or during a scolding, but also when his teacher is upset, even about something other than Nim. His most frequent single sign is for a "hug."

Nim began lying about a year ago. He has a word in his sign vocabulary, "dirty," which means he has to go to the bathroom. In the middle of his lessons, Nim will sign "dirty" with an odd expression on his face, a sort of half grin, and will avoid looking his instructor in the eye. He's lying; he's just bored and wants to get out of the classroom. Or he'll sign "sleep" and lie down, feigning slumber, while sneaking glances at his teacher out of the corner of his eye to see if he's being watched. Once in a while, to "test" a new project staff member, Nim will open the kitchen cabinets in the house he shares with four (human) students and throw all the pots and pans on the floor. Asked "Did you do that?" Nim will sign "No." Then, asked "Who did?" he will point at the new person.

"He's very cunning, very smart," Dr. Terrace explains. "Nim's always testing. He wants to see what he can get away with." Dr. Terrace doesn't think that Nim learned to lie from the humans around him. (Nor, for that matter, does he think that children learn to lie from their parents.) Nim simply learned, on his own, the consequences of his words and actions. For each of us, man or ape, there comes the moment of truth, when we discover the magic of the lie.

The news about Nim leads me to think that if, for instance, just to take an example, say, Jimmy Carter lies, he comes by it honestly. It could be, however, that Carter is not exactly lying, because he doesn't expect us to believe him. How, for example, could anyone of normal intelligence be expected to believe that preposterous whopper, "I'll never lie to you"? Perhaps Carter was not misleading us, but leading us into being his



coconspirators in deceptions to come. The deal is, he'll tell us what we want to hear, but we have to pretend to believe him.

Looking back, you can see how our political discourse came to this. John Kennedy stirred us with heroic rhetoric—we'd "pay any price, bear any burden" etc., etc., and we ended up in Vietnam. Nixon expressed the reaction to that—"Ask not what my country can do for me, ask what I can do for myself"—a call to the pettiness that he personified. Now comes Carter, the synthesizer. He won't lead us into war. But he won't demean us with selfish talk. He speaks out nobly for human rights, but we don't have to worry about his actually *doing* anything about them, because we know *he doesn't mean what he says*. He says that the U.S. won't aid countries that consistently violate human rights, but he's asking for a 77 percent *increase* in military aid to South Korea. He campaigns on a promise to reduce the defense budget, but he's asking for an $11.6 billion increase. He calls for nuclear disarmament, but he's asking for 8 percent more money for nuclear weapons. There is no uproar about his deception. There is no deception. We're all in it together.

For now. Carter's time will come, of course, as the time comes for all our presidents. We raise them up to bring them down. Of all the attributes of greatness, the characteristic that we elevate to mythic proportions in our great men of times past is *honesty*. Honest Abe walked miles to return a penny. George Washington said "I cannot tell a lie." He could massacre a tree, but he couldn't tell a lie. Few defects are more socially debilitating than an incapacity for untruth. Yet we revere this myth of total honesty and devour our leaders who fall short of it, as they all must, because we require them to lie to us before we make them our leaders.

Before his day of reckoning, we'll learn to decode Carter, A person's lies tend to stand in a certain consistent relationship to the truth. Nixon's code, you will recall, was relatively straightforward. If he said it's time to "bring us together," it meant he planned to divide the country; if he said we were not invading Cambodia, it meant we were; if he said "I am not a crook," it meant he was a crook, and so forth. Similarly, Carter may not mean what he says, but what he says means *something*. When we figure out what, we can feel betrayed and get rid of him.

In the meantime, Carter will go on lying. I have always thought of lying as a sin, a divider, a destroyer of unity; because once one lie is told, falsehood becomes a possibility, and, forever after, everyone is full of doubt. A distance is put between word and world, and between communicators. But Nim's lying suggests that lying is not so much a destroyer of language as an implicit function of it. That's the bad news. The good news is that Nim seems to have a moral sense and to feel that lying is wrong. When he has done wrong, he goes out of his way to behave himself, to make it up. We should expect no less of humans. ●

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Letters

Not so sweet

If 50 million Americans desire saccharin and are willing to accept the alleged and remote risks accompanying its use, then the legislators and consumer advocates must work toward that interest ("The sacking of saccharin," April 15). If sugar consumption is truly a personal and social menace, it would indeed be good strategy to help consumers become more educated and rational in nutritional matters ("The sweet taste of excess," April 15). Attacking advertising policies, companies, the market system we live under, vested interests and inevitable social forces is at best what Don Quixote has become famous for.

Manfred Kroger
University Park, Pennsylvania

Even if a reasonable quantity of saccharin were suddenly to be proven harmful to human beings beyond all reasonable doubt, I would still object to any prohibition of its sale or consumption. The FDA has fulfilled its obligation to protect us from any hazards inherent in the use of saccharin by informing us of the existence of those hazards. The government must now leave it up to us to decide. If it denies us the right to make that decision for ourselves, then it has gone beyond its legitimate function of protection and becomes a "Big Brother."

Neil Edward Parks
Livingston, New Jersey

Jim Wright's piece is a long-awaited blast. He, correctly, attacks the misuse of advertising to perpetuate our addiction. But, isn't *New Times* just a wee bit hypocritical? In that same issue, of 15 full-color ads, 6 are for cigarettes and 4 are for liquor.

Barry Freed
Miami, Florida

Walk, don't run

After reading Sam Merrill's article about Ron Laird (April 15) all I can say is that it's about time somebody gave him the credit he deserves. I only met him once; actually saw him once, as he ripped away from the pack during a 10-mile walking race in Seaside Heights, New Jersey. To see this man, in his U.S.A. shirt, moving along the boardwalk so gracefully and fast is almost beyond comprehension. And I'll always be proud to say that I was once in a race-walk with Ron Laird.

Mark Hanson
Millburn, New Jersey

The most fascinating aspect about the Ron Laird article was the picture on page 54. Right behind Laird is the great Russian walker, Vladimir Golubnichy. Apparently he has been caught with both feet off the ground (which I believe should entitle him to disqualification). In comparison, a look at the feet of walker number 31, to Laird's left, shows what proper footing should be. Maybe, Golubnichy would have been better off if he had been caught with his pants down.

Lester Smerka
New York City

Not so sunny

Frank Rose's article on Anita Bryant's fight against human rights for gays was excellent ("Trouble in paradise," April 15), but had one flaw: it talked of the probability of a defeat for gay rights, while overlooking certain developments that indicate otherwise. There have been several informal surveys in the Miami area and, in all, more than 50 percent of the respondents supported gay rights. While these surveys are unscientific, they are some indication of Dade County's mood. Moreover, there are between 150,000 and 300,000 gays in Dade County. They have the power to win, if they will vote. A victory for Bryant's forces will come about only if the gays do not go to the voting booth, and if that happens, then Anita et al. deserve to win.

Stephen D. Jerome
Miami, Florida

Frank Rose's story reproduces Anita's 13th-century vilification of gay people; we get a voyeuristic peak into a gay hotel in Ft. Lauderdale, but otherwise no further focus or discussion of the basic discrimination homosexuals face. His article made it sound as if the only thing at stake was the right of gay people to be outrageous stereotypes and demons of homophobic imagination.

Nowhere does Rose amplify on the nature of gay oppression or what issues are at stake for gay people. For example, the central issue in Miami: discrimination against gays in jobs and housing. In this regard, gays are not so very different from women, blacks and other people who have, somehow, to sell a piece of their souls in order to work and eat. This common oppression makes the continuing outrage no less bearable. That's what the gay human rights ordinance is all about. You'd never know this from your reportage.

Sandy Lowe
Windsor, California

It is not surprising that Anita Bryant, a so-called born-again Christian, would be against equal rights for homosexuals, since she also lends her name and synthetic smile to the Florida Orange Industry, whose very existence depends upon the denial of equal rights to some of the poorest of our nation's citizens, the migrant workers.

If Bryant were truly a concerned mother, she would worry less about the alleged "recruitment" of young children by homosexuals and would worry more about the migrant children working in the fields.

Franc D. Martarella
New York City

Your vicious attack on Anita Bryant and anybody else who agrees that homosexuality is sickness was all propaganda. You even slanted the pictures so that morality looked stupid and perversion appeared beautiful. Homosexuality is not the gay wave of a glorious future. It is a lavender hickey on a decadent society that may be on the verge of collapse.

Jackson Wilcox
Mission Hills, California

Although your coverage of the Anita Bryant fiasco was good, you failed to point out the harmful exclusionary stance many gays are taking. I am gay and consider Bryant's ravings to be abominable; but so are those gay people who are striving to create a completely separate gay community. This desire seems to me to be a prime factor in the existing gap between gays and the so-called straight world. Such exclusiveness must be alienating and is escapism at its worst.

Gary Scheele
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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The Insider

Ray Price to Nixon's rescue/Jody speaks/A talk with Richard Sprague

Politics

Price's crisis

Not all former heads of state have to write masterpieces, and no one expects Richard Nixon's book to be up there with Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. On the other hand, we're beginning to wonder if it will come out while there *is* an English-speaking people.

The Nixon memoirs are in a horrible state of disarray, with some chapters only half-finished and others hardly begun. "From one chapter to another," our source says, "it's inconsistent in tone, style and substance." The book, originally scheduled for a spring 1978 publication, is at least a year from completion. Nixon has reached out to his former speechwriter, Ray Price, for

WIDE WORLD

Nixon: Needs Bennett Cerf

help. Price has agreed to go out to San Clemente to do what he can with his old boss' book as soon as he finishes his own.

Florida on my mind

When Senators Abourezk and McGovern met with President Carter to talk about lifting the embargo on Cuban trade, the Chief Executive decided that he'd neither support nor oppose the step. He said he'd go slow. "A lot of my good supporters," said the Democratic candidate for the 1980 presidential nomination, "were members of the exile community."

A date with Jody

The foxlike presidential press secretary, Jody Powell, spoke to us last week about his first 100 days in the White House. Some of what he thinks about his job and the Washington-based press had little to do with the supposedly careless Powell whose campaign image suggested a lost boy on endless weekends.

- Not more than 15 percent of the White House press, Powell estimated, knew about President Carter's veterans plan. "I suppose I could have gone out," he said frustratedly, "and found four or five out-of-work, disabled Vietnam veterans, dragged them in here, put them up front and said 'Here guys! Here's a visual!' Then maybe they would have gotten the story."
- "The system of the White House press neither punishes incompetence nor rewards competence," Powell said. "A reporter can make 50 phone calls and try to chase down administration officials all day and still end up with essentially the same story as the guy who spent the afternoon scratching his fanny."
- After a piece in the April 25 *New York Times* that depicted the President as an insular, rigid and insensitive leader, Powell chased down White House staff members to figure out just who talked to writer James Wooten. "One thing I don't do," Powell told a press briefing, is to "try to race around" to find out what staff says to press. But Powell told us last week that when he reads a story he doesn't like, he calls the writer and tells him, "I know who you talked to and I know why they told you that and it's just not right."
- The press secretary to the President still gets worked up talking about the race to Election Day. "You only have 40 days before the general election to get the issues across. . . . If one of the networks is going to devote three evenings about how your press bus bumped into the wing of your airplane, there goes 2.5 percent of your coverage."
- Powell on the power of the incumbency, the power his boss taunted President Ford for having hidden behind: "Watch us in 1980," he suggested. "Watch how we deal with the temptation to campaign out of the Rose Garden."
- Would this press secretary ever lie to the press? Powell suggested that Powell students read Anthony C. Brown's book, *Bodyguard of Lies*. In it Brown describes the methods the British used during World War II to control information.

"You're not going to get me to say that I would ever lie," said Jody Powell. "But read that book and decide what you would do."

—Mitchell Stephens

BLACK STAR

Powell: Shows new teeth

Laissez-faire journalism

The atmosphere in the newsroom at the San Francisco *Examiner* resembles the Cold War at its least negotiable. Editor Reg Murphy is telling people that some of his reporters have "run out on him." Privately, he hints he'd like to fire others if union rules didn't prevent it. There have been so many veiled threats and accusations that finally the president of the Guild Local protested. "It's a pure issue of trust," says one reporter, "and there's no trust left at all."

The problem started last November when $30 million in libel suits came flying at the *Examiner* and reporters Raul Ramirez and Lowell Bergman over three stories run in May 1976. Based on sworn affidavits, the stories accused two homicide inspectors and an assistant district attorney of intimidating witnesses and coaching a star witness in perjured

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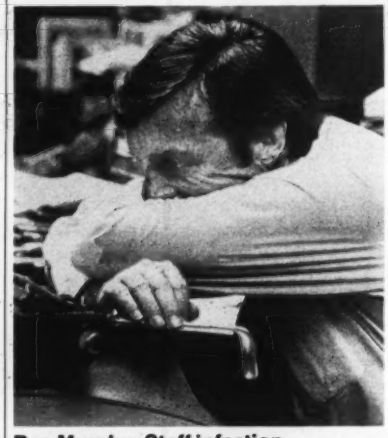
testimony in order to convict a 19-year-old bank teller, Richard Lee, of a 1972 Chinatown gang murder. The paper's legal staff had approved the stories for publication and when a retraction was demanded, the *Examiner* refused to print one.

After the pieces appeared, the alleged perjured witness suddenly decided he'd never lied at the Lee trial. Libel suits followed. Last January, Lowell Bergman learned that the *Examiner* would not pay for his defense—he wasn't a regular staff member; he'd been working off a grant arranged by Willie Hearst III from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

Ramirez, who had been put on the case by Randolph Hearst himself, suddenly began to wonder whether *his* legal interest might coincide with his publisher's as little as his partner's had. "Bergman and I worked on those stories together," he says. "If they could foresee the possibility of conflict with one reporter, at what point would they do it with me?"



Reg Murphy: Staff infection

Bergman and Ramirez went out and hired their own lawyer, while local reporters put together a defense fund to raise the necessary fees. Murphy, who repeatedly refused to discuss the case for attribution, is reportedly hostile to the reporters who've spearheaded fund raising at the *Examiner*. Those who have discussed the case with him privately say he sees Ramirez as a "deserter." The San Francisco journalistic community is hot on the issue, questioning the sanity of a management that has divided its defense and alienated Bergman, who could presumably damage the paper's case if he chose to. *Sacramento Bee* reporter Denny Walsh, a pro at being sued (after he spent six years on *Life* magazine's special news team investigating organized crime and official corruption) says: "The only way harassment suits can succeed is if publishers allow them to."

Bergman says he'll probably give up writing at least temporarily. "It's the way this stuff gives you triple vision, like 3-D movies without the glasses. I no longer get clear images of what I'm trying to say. I get the clear image, and the image of what it could mean, and of how it could be interpreted. It's a kind of legal halo. The worst is, I'm not sure what I *can* say anymore."

—Mary Jean Haley

The Insider Interview: Richard Sprague

When you meet Richard Sprague, one thought comes immediately to mind: you are glad that he is not prosecuting you. Dick Sprague was the man who got Tough Tony Boyle for the murder of Jock Yablonski. Tough Tony and 72 others: all of them tried by Richard Sprague for first-degree murder; all of them sent to jail. No, Dick Sprague is not a man to mess with.

Which perhaps explains as well as anything why Sprague no longer works for the Congress of the United States, investigating the murders of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. He is not a man who suffers fools gladly. And when he talks about his brief tenure in Washington, it is clear that he found the Capitol overstocked with them. "A rattlesnake," Henry Gonzalez, the erstwhile chairman of the House Assassination Committee, called him, just prior to departing to Texas for a long rest. Poor Gonzalez. He didn't know the half of it.

The rattler was in his den, a comfortably prosperous law office in Philadelphia, the other day, reminiscing about Gonzalez, the Congress, the press and those days in Washington, and explaining why it is unlikelier than ever that the killers of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy will ever be found. He was, by turns, relaxed, humorous, cynical, prosecutorial. Self-doubt was never in evidence.

"Congress," he says, "never intended to conduct a thoroughgoing investigation in the first place. It was politics, a way of appeasing the Black Caucus."

Sprague's tone is not bitter, but matter-of-fact. He has never suffered from illusions, and, in taking the post of

directing the assassinations investigation, he knew from the start the risks of dealing with politicians. "I wanted to do the investigation the right way," he explained, "and if they didn't want it that way, fine. At least we would know who wanted to kill the investigation and why. We could see what part of the woodwork they crawled out of."

If Sprague is surprised, it is only because there turned out to be so many holes in the woodwork. They began opening up as soon as he started to select his staff, drawing many of them from homicide bureaus and D.A. offices from around the country. The members of his committee, however, had other ideas. "They saw it as a major patronage opportunity," explained Sprague. Sprague resisted them, and also the importunings of Gonzalez, who took over as chairman with the retirement of Virginia Democrat Thomas Downing, and thereupon set out to cleanse the committee of all of Downing's staff. When, during one committee session, Sprague suggested to Gonzalez that such a course would be "improper" and "immoral," Gonzalez exploded. The full committee, however, supported Sprague, but at a considerable cost. Thereafter, Sprague had trouble getting Gonzalez to return his phone calls. After a time, Gonzalez shut off the long-distance phones for Sprague's staff, and rescinded their clearance to peruse classified information. In the end, Sprague says, "Gonzalez went berserk."

The rest of Congress, including the members of his own committee, were not much better, in Sprague's view. The committee, he says, can be broken down into several classifications: "headline hunters"; "people trying to fit their preconceived prejudices"; a few, honest congressmen trying to conduct an impartial investigation, "and a couple of fellas who wouldn't know the front door from the back door." Jim Wright, the majority leader of the House, seemed to fit the last bill. Once, Sprague recalls, Wright insisted on a personal briefing on the Kennedy assassination. Trying to please, Sprague dispatched one of his senior deputies, who proceeded to lay out the case for an hour and a half. At the end of the briefing, Wright said: "What about Sirhan Sirhan? Everyone knows he pulled the trigger. They caught him right there." The briefer then patiently explained that Sirhan Sirhan was the assassin of Robert, not John, Kennedy. "Oh, oh," Sprague quotes Wright as saying. "I just got it mixed up." Another time, a well-known congressman demanded why Sprague was investigating the King assassination "since the Warren Commission has cleared that thing up already." Other congressmen, whom Sprague declines to name, told Sprague that time and money "should not be wasted investigating the murder of some nigger." Sprague also encountered Kennedy loyalists in the Congress who did not want the assassination investigated, lest it somehow taint the president's reputation. "They preferred," Sprague says, "to leave him a sainted martyr." There were other occasions when Sprague detected the fine hand of American intelligence at work. "There are some congressmen up there," he explains, "who want to bend over backwards to show their friendship to those two agencies [CIA and FBI], and wouldn't dream of doing anything to risk offending them. And then there are some other congressmen who, I got the feeling, had a somewhat different motive." You mean, the CIA and FBI "had an arm on them?" Sprague was asked. "That's exactly what I mean," Sprague replied.

It is the press, though, the *New York Times* and reporter David Burnham, the author of several scathingly critical articles about Sprague and the committee, who come in for Sprague's fullest contempt. Sprague accuses Burnham of biased reporting, of failing to check the facts, and of doing his best to undermine the committee. Once, when Sprague was alerted that Burnham was preparing an article critical of his handling of the Boyle prosecution, and had not bothered to interview him, Sprague went to his office to confront him. Recalls Sprague: "I said to Burnham, 'What kind of an investigation job are you doing when you haven't talked to me?' Burnham calmly said that when he writes a story, he doesn't necessarily get all the facts first. I said 'That's a weird way to proceed.' And he said, 'Well, I write a draft and decide where else to go. Don't you do that?' I said, 'No, before I write I try to get all the information.' I said to Burnham, 'I guess that shows the differences between you and me.' Burnham says, 'Yes, I'm glad there are.' " "I do not know what the motivation was," Sprague continues, "but it was such a pattern, I

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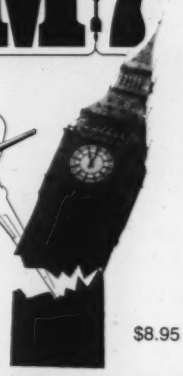

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Sprague: Quick snare? No

do not believe it was a mistake. It was a regular pattern of attempts to create a bad image. . . . It's interesting. Right after I resigned, the *Times* took Burnham off the story and assigned somebody else to do it. Whether that was because there was an attempt to use Burnham to do a hatchet job, I don't know. But there is no doubt that Burnham did."

Burnham, who agrees that the confrontation took place, tells it slightly differently. After writing a piece in which he spoke to then-chairman Thomas Downing before coming back to Sprague, he went to work on a second. Vainly trying to get an appointment with Sprague, he finally got the counsel on the phone. Sprague insisted on coming to Burnham's office instead of talking on the phone, despite the reporter's advice that he just wanted to check a few things. Burnham says that Sprague came up to his office and in front of two aides "yelled and screamed" for a long time before submitting to questions.

The end product of all the scrambling with the press and with Congress was that Sprague's staff, and Sprague himself, wound up doing precious little investigating. By Sprague's own reckoning, he spent "point zero one percent" of his time examining the actual evidence. What he did see, though, whetted his appetite, especially one classified document from an intelligence agency, in which a secretary stated that a transcript she typed out after the Kennedy assassination was different than the recording from which she made it. That document, and other information that came to Sprague's attention, was enough to convince him that, if he had it to do over again, he would begin his investigation of the assassination of John F. Kennedy by probing "Oswald's ties to the Central Intelligence Agency." The King case was another matter. Sprague personally interviewed James Earl Ray twice, and came away convinced that "Ray pulled the trigger that killed King." However, Sprague is also convinced that Ray had help, both before and after the assassination. As for the mysterious "Raoul," whom Ray claims framed him for the assassination, Sprague doubts that such a man exists, at least by that name. "When he [Ray] started talking about Raoul, I gave him kind of a sheepish look," Sprague says, "and he said, 'Well, call him whatever name you want to then.'"

Now, of course, it is all academic. The days when Sprague thought he could "wrap up the King case in a year, and the Kennedy case in two years," as he put it the other day, are long since gone. Sprague miscalculated. He thought that Congress really wanted an investigation. That they would leave him alone. Allow him to pursue the truth, wherever it lay. "I thought," he says, "that by this February we would have our staff together, and our investigation mapped out, and then it would be 'goodbye Congress.'" He could not have been more wrong. Congress never went away. "When they heard I was going to interview Ray, they wanted to bring him to Washington and turn on the TV cameras. When I explained that was impossible, they wanted to know if they could come with me to the prison. Now, can you imagine what it would be like down there with these 12 guys and James Earl Ray?"

Sprague never could; he was too much of a prosecutor, not enough of a politician. The difference was brought home to him one day after a conversation with a senior member of the House, who suggested that Sprague was wasting his time, since, as Sprague quotes him, "They'll be arguing about who killed Kennedy a hundred years from now, just like they argue about Lincoln's assassination." "I told him that I thought we had a chance to end that," Sprague said. "I told him that if you killed the President of the United States you ought to be brought to justice. He just didn't see it."

Sprague tries hard not to let it bother him. "I am not an assassination buff," he claims, adding that, if nothing else, the aborted investigation "has given the critics of the Warren Commission another ten years of life." All the same, you can sense the pain. He talks almost wistfully of the time when "we could have wrapped up the King case within a year, and the Kennedy case within two years." No longer.

The reports he gets from his few friends in Washington tell him that the committee staff is beginning to disintegrate. Soon, he says, many of the senior investigators will be departing. "What they are doing now," he reports, "is dangling my old job in front of them. Driving a wedge between people, creating animosities where friendships existed." The only hope now, says Sprague, is for Jimmy Carter to appoint a special prosecutor, and he thinks that highly unlikely. The odds of Congress coming up with the truth? "Not a chance," says the prosecutor.

—Robert Sam Anson

Seventies

Tea for two dollars

For Americans who are staggering under the pressure of coffee price rises, the tea alternative

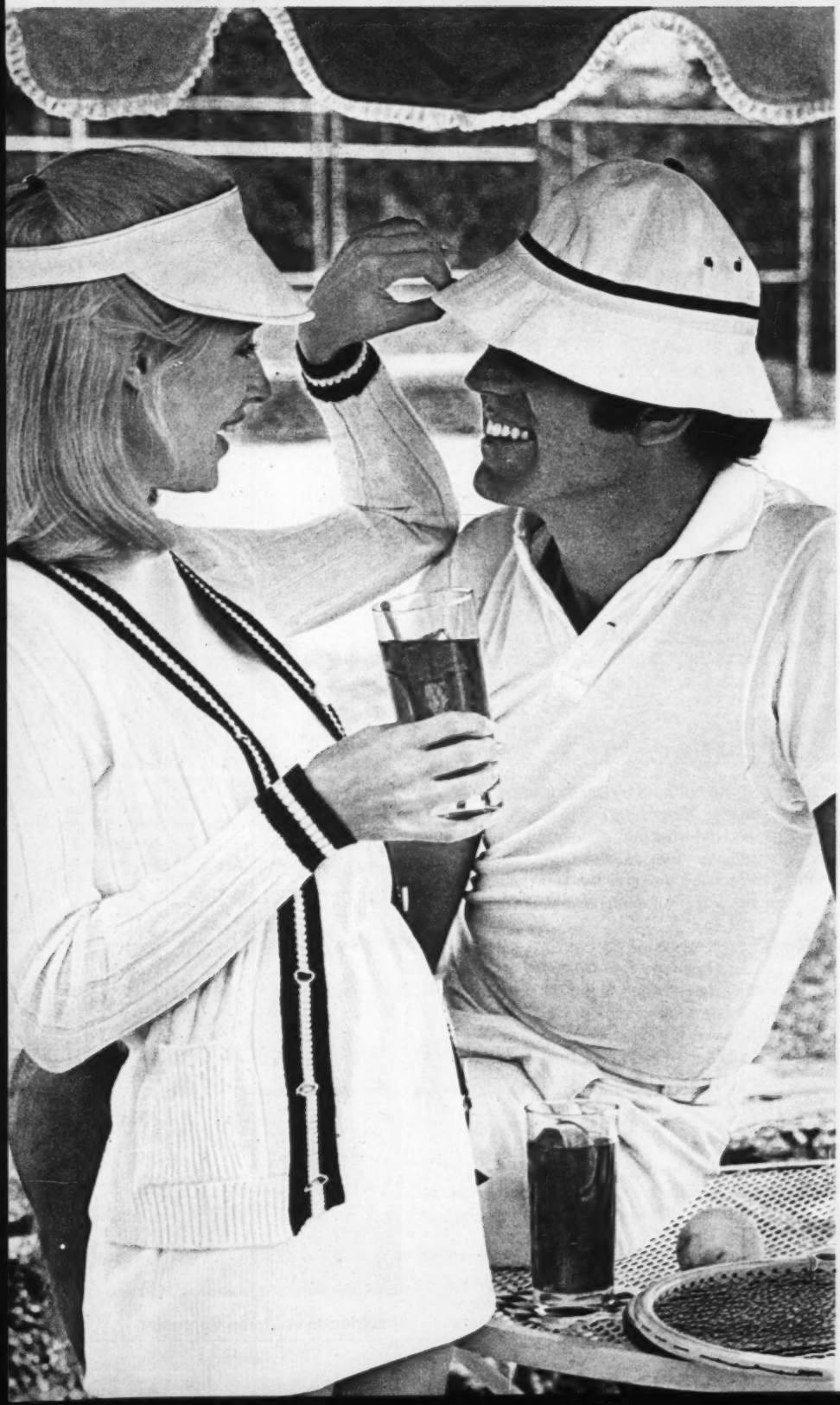
ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

Tea: Hiked prices for dunked bags

may not be as appealing as they think.

For at least 15 years, the price of raw tea has fluctuated between 50 and 70 cents per pound. At an April merchant's auction at Calcutta, however, the price had gone to $2.12

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



You're about to have your usual after-the-match drink. But you're in the mood for something different. So you have Campari & Tonic instead.

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Campari & Tonic...Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with **Schweppes Tonic Water.** Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime, if desired.

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per pound. Simultaneously, India canceled its 6-cents-per-pound export subsidy and added a 26-cents-per-pound export tax. The Lipton company has already raised the price of its tea 20 percent since last autumn and now contemplates another price rise in the 15 percent range. Company officers assure that a bountiful crop will mean falling prices, but if not, caffeine-crazy Americans may start popping Nodoz for their daily fix.

A movie about a kid who rips off his father

"That's the one I want to use for the billboard!"

Antonio Santillan points to a photo of 16-year-old Percy Garcia: "I

WIDE WORLD

Hardy Boys run wild: James Dean Bridges, Percy Garcia and their cash-bought Thunderbird

see it in black and white underneath the picture, in italics." He draws it in the air: "'*They were 15.*' Then dot dot dot. '*They Had Some Good Dope in Their Jeans.*' Then another dot dot dot." Santillan keeps sky-writing his vision: "'*And $500,000 in Cash.*' And then just: '*It Happened!*' "

Santillan, an independent producer who has made such movies as *Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry* and *Viva Knievel*, says he is throwing his future on the line with this one, the Big Project. He's calling it "*Finders, Weepers.*" Santillan has flown into Alice, Texas, to woo one of the real-life Finders, young Garcia, a high school sophomore who, with his pal James Dean Bridges, dug a half-million dollars out of the Texas earth last January.

Bridges, who was named for James Dean, had a reputation for "doing anything" in Alice. "He wasn't exactly right in the head," said an acquaintance. Still, when he called Garcia on January 30 to tell him about a box buried on his father's land with a lot of money in it, Garcia went with him to help dig it up. Dean's father was an $8.00-per-hour construction worker but he owned several racehorses and a 160-acre ranch and everybody in town knew it.

Percy and Dean met in the quail pen, 150 yards behind the ranch house and started to dig. A foot down they uncovered a red ice chest. Inside, on top of a solid layer of neatly wrapped bricks of marijuana, was a sheet of note paper with "500,000" written on it. That was the amount of cash in the chest in one-, twenty-, and fifty-dollar bills. The money weighed 55 pounds and it went into two suitcases, the only luggage the boys packed.

They got on a Dallas-bound bus and sat next to an old man who shared some whiskey with them. When they finished, Bridges gave him $100 for some more and the two boys got off in Dallas. They went to Sears and bought: a digital watch, jeans and shirts, a tape recorder and cassettes, a Polaroid SX-70 and a wallet. They took a hotel room, bought drinks and picked up a new, metallic-blue Thunderbird—with cash. Having barely scratched their fortune, they aimed their car for Chicago. "It seemed about as far from Alice as you could get," said Percy.

It became a detoured dream. Turned around by Dallas freeway mazes, they ended up in Waco, Texas, and did what they do in the movies—they ran a red light. In the Waco jail, the other inmates called the boys "77" after the newness of their car.

When the police picked the boys up they found $486,672. Two days later Dean's father refused to tell a court where the money came from and was put in jail. The boys went back to Alice. In Hollywood, Santillan saw a little piece in the L.A. *Times* and knew *that* was his story.

"I loved it! I love them!" Santillan says. "And it's my big chance to really make it." In Alice they are not so sure. "Who wants to see a movie about a kid who rips off his father?" asks the local D.A. The IRS is holding onto the money.

In her tiny house, Percy Garcia's mother sits with Garcia under a print of *The Last Supper* and stares at a billboard picture of her son that Santillan had made. In the next room, Percy talks with Santillan's son, an eight-year-old in a rugby shirt. Santillan Jr. tells Percy what *he* would have done if he had dug up half a mil. Percy listens tolerantly. Both he and Bridges, who has been shipped to stay with relatives out of state, will be paid by Santillan on a sliding-scale-percentage basis. "It will come to lots of money," says Santillan. Better than most, Dean and Percy understand what that means.

—Sara Bird

The Word

Banks for the information

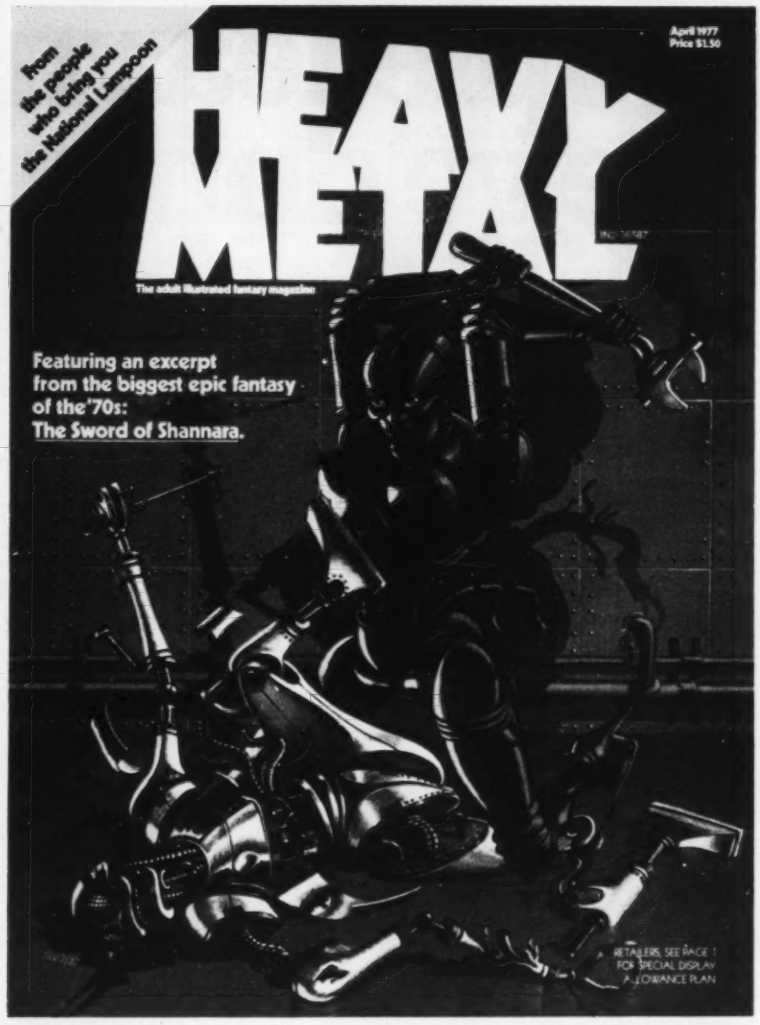
The Word. Many claim it but not many have it. Evans and Novak don't have it. James Reston used to have it. *The Insider*, as you know, *always* has it. But better than any of them are the news disseminators that make America's best-fed reporters look like punk kids wandering around their first beat—the Banks.

In late February and early March, internal reports commissioned by Chase Manhattan and Citibank had interesting information for their privileged readers: they predicted the collapse of the SALT talks and called increases in defense expenditures of $2–3 billion for the fiscal year 1978–79.

"We've got to know what's going on overseas," explained a high-level financial officer at Chase. "Without precise information about the situation abroad there's no way to assess risks in making loans." So a handful of

UPI

Has friends at Chase Manhattan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We turned out dozens of prototypes that were made with the same specs, but sound like they weren't.

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The purity of the water in which the pulp for the speaker cone is pressed influences the sound.

But it would hardly change the frequency response—or any other measurements.

Now there are dozens and dozens of elements that interact this way.

Changing one changes the other and almost changed our minds about going into the speaker business.

But we stuck it out. Applying the age-old technique of trial and error.

That's why we labored for three years to bring you our speakers. While other manufacturers rushed frantically to market with theirs.

We keep the whole world in our hands.

Understanding how to control the sound of our speakers, we realized we had to control what went into them.

So we did the only logical thing.

We built a plant. Which does nothing but produce—under outrageously close control—the components for our speakers.

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As you can see, a lot goes into producing a speaker that's not easily seen. (One beautiful exception—the handsome finish on our cabinets.)

That includes the carbon fiber we mix into the speaker cone paper.

Carbon fiber is light and strong. Light, so our speaker needs less power to operate it, and is therefore more efficient.

Light, so our speaker cone reacts quickly to stops and starts in the signal. The result: improved transient response.

Strong, so the cone won't bend out of shape in the high frequency range.

Moreover, carbon fiber won't resonate much. It has a low Q, and it took someone with a high IQ to realize it would absorb the unwanted vibration.

Unwanted vibration is also reduced by our cast aluminum basket, which is superior to a cheap stamped metal one.

We're confident that the results of our three year effort will be clear after three minutes of listening.

At which point, far from heckling our speakers, you'll be tempted to give them a standing ovation.

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economists and political mavens make internal policy analyses for the banks. Their employers' yearning for foreign policy intelligence makes sense—Citibank received 72 percent of its earnings in 1976 from abroad, earned on about $25.6 billion in loans.

The reports come from every possible source: "I heard about the probability of the [SALT] breakdown at a party in late January," said a Chase officer. "I wrote a memo about it." Both Chase and Citibank forecast the American misjudging of the Soviet position; both predicted what Defense Secretary Harold Brown would eventually announce—that should the USSR cease negotiating in good faith, American defense spending would increase by $2 billion.

One author of the Chase report lists his sources as "cocktail parties, internal cash-flow information, friends in Foggy Bottom and on the Hill, news media, guesswork and overseas branches." Citibank's potential information network is huge: 650 overseas offices, all with officers, all with cocktail parties and ample opportunity to mingle with local government officials and American diplomats on assignment. "Sometimes we go a little too far," says the Chase report author, describing a process of questionable legality—examining what big corporate clients are doing with their money and stock and what foreign governments are doing with the money they channel through the banking system.

These discreet bits of information are of appreciable help to investors. Advance notice that arms spending is about to increase by $2 billion per annum is, of course, an advance signal to invest in arms manufacturers. Whether a State Department officer would slip a piece of intelligence to Chase or Citibank and subsequently invest wisely can only be guessed.

One investment analyst at Goldman and Sachs sagely confirms the system. "Yes," he says, "buying and selling is based on that kind of information." A good investor would have hooked onto the SALT collapse fast: the day after the news broke, average NYSE values of major arms producers rose 10 to 15 points.

The late winter Citibank report also dealt with Africa, predicting armed conflicts or unrest in Morocco, Nigeria, Rhodesia and Sudan. American banks financing Morocco's phosphate industry are looking at the growing guerrilla movement in the Spanish Sahara; in Nigeria, the main financed commodity is oil and the report anticipates a renaissance of the Biafran movement.

"Banks have their own foreign policy," a retired Chase officer says. "There is little that the State Department or the White House can do in influencing us." By granting or canceling loans, he went on to happily explain, banks create and collapse smaller national economies and governments. When Henry Kissinger stepped into his new post as vice-chairman of Chase Manhattan's international advisory committee, he understood its vast potential. He certainly knew that he had just squared away his financial future by entering a realm of power and information as vast—and in some instances maybe the same—as the one he'd just left.

Camelot reissue

"And the rubber duck is *mine*." In the first three months of its release, 4 million Americans bought *The First*

Family, a record that was, along with pill-box hats and pregnancy, very popular in 1962. The instant star—and he was *big*, for a moment—was Vaughn Meader, whose uncanny imitation of the President admonishing his brother ("Becauzh Bobby, it'sch-uh-my ball") or forced to talk baby-talk ("Ooh-de-wah-de-wah-de-*wah*") made it then the fastest-selling record ever.

Each president since has had some sort of comedy record. The latest is the well-advertised *Washington Hillbillies*, whose jacket and premise look just like its ancient predecessor's. We asked Vaughn Meader to listen to it.

"It's just not funny," said Meader, in a voice that makes you remember. "The voices aren't good, the material is not good . . ." And? "It's trite."

You mean, we guessed, you don't like it. Meader wouldn't commit himself. "It's a piece of garbage," he said. He consented to point out the differences between his record and theirs: "Bad taste," was one way he characterized *Hillbillies*. "Our record was a radio show, the humor was situational. You've got to take the guy's roots and build out from there. The humor is an outgrowth. The trap is to do jokes about obvious things; in Carter's case—peanuts. We emphasized a certain warmth that came from the man and his family. Then we put them in funny situations—my favorite was Jack and Jackie alone on a Saturday night because all their friends thought that since the Kennedys were so glamorous they must have plans."

Did Vaughn Meader ever meet President Kennedy? "Once," he said. What did they say to each other? Did they discuss the uncanny similarity in voices, how Dean Rusk held his sides when he listened to the record, and Mama Rose's tears of laughter? "We just said hello," said the man who was Kennedy.

Mind & Body

There's a roach in my soup

Can't breathe? Call the exterminator. Recent studies in England and in New York indicate that cockroaches may cause asthma attacks. In one test, most of the asthmatics injected with extract of cockroach had bronchial attacks; in another, 44 percent of 589 patients with allergenic diseases had positive reactions to the extract.
The highest incidence in the latter test came among the lowest socioeconomic groups—the ones with the most encounters with roaches.

Because doctors now think that the bodies, feces and secretions of roaches are all allergenic—and because cockroach allergens resist chemical breakdown during normal cooking—it may be that the roach that has done laps in your vichyssoise or hiked the terrain of your quiche is also causing your sneeze, rash or gasp.

TROUBLED WATERS

By Lawrence Wright

In Biscayne Bay, fish are turning into diseased monsters. In New Orleans, where 112 different chemicals have been found in the drinking water, the rate of cancer mortality is soaring. From coast to coast, people and animals alike are paying a fearful price for the continuing contamination of our fresh water, our sea water, and our tap water

In 1969 Walter Kandrashoff, a commercial fisherman in Miami Beach, Florida, noticed something wrong with the croakers in Biscayne Bay. "The abnormality was always the same," he recalls. "Emaciation." Kandrashoff is a blunt, squared-off man with a fisherman's drab leather skin and the observant, meticulous nature of a born scientist. It wasn't the first time Kandrashoff had seen strange things happen to the fish. For 20 years he had fished the waters off the coast of his native New York, and had watched his catch diminish to the point that he could no longer support his family. What was more ominous, sometimes the fish he took had things wrong with their bodies. "I heard way back, long before I saw anything myself, that the snapper feeding around the sewage outfalls were getting tumors around their mouths," he says. Like most other fishermen he avoided the area. Then in 1967 he noticed that the fluke, a flatfish like the flounder, had developed ragged fins. Sometimes their tails were completely missing. Kandrashoff thought they had been towed too long in the nets, but he had never seen it happen before. In the summer, when he fished off the coast of New Jersey around Raritan Bay or Sandy Hook, he would find fish swimming in circles. Most of the whirling animals were menhaden, an inedible but extremely important industrial fish, which the Algonquin Indians once used to fertilize their corn.

By 1968 Kandrashoff could see that there was no future as a fisherman in New York. He moved his family to the bluer waters of Florida, to the prosperous and wonderfully diverse fishing grounds in Biscayne Bay, which separates Miami from Miami Beach in the northern part of the bay and, in the south, from the island of Key Biscayne, where President Nixon had just installed his Florida White House. The first year Kandrashoff fished in Biscayne Bay he did well. The fish were abundant and perfectly formed. So when he began taking emaciated croakers he knew something was wrong. He was concerned enough to write a letter to the *Miami Herald*. In early 1970 Kandrashoff caught his first emaciated pompano, and from June to December of that year he caught more than a hundred pompano that were "just skin and bones." Some of these fish he took to scientists at the Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Science at the University of Miami, who speculated that the fish had parasites, although on examination they couldn't find any. "In the beginning they'd say, 'Show me where you're catching them.' And I couldn't do that—it was just one or two fish at a time, then. It was a slow process, in other words. It wasn't dramatic at first." The scientists couldn't really agree with Kandrashoff's assertion that the condition was "abnormal," because they didn't have a baseline for comparison—in this case, a survey of fish at another time or place that would establish how many emaciated pompano might be expected in an average population. After that, Kandrashoff began to make careful notes on his catches.

The next year Kandrashoff recorded black mullets with tumors. In March he caught a porgy with a thick white tumor deeply embedded in front of its dorsal fin. On April 30 he took a crevalle jack whose whole body was covered with red sores; near the jack's tail was a spongy tumor the size of a thumb. "When you've been a lifetime fisherman and you've never seen this sort of thing before, you know something's wrong," Kandrashoff says.

He found himself going from door to door with his horrible trophies, trying to get scientists to help him. They told him they were sympathetic, but they just weren't funded to study his particular problem. Come back another time, they'd say—and sure enough, next week they'd hear Walter's loud Brooklyn accent ringing in the hall as he'd appear with new samples. Half annoyed, the scientists would kid Kandrashoff about his persistence. "Well, I'm a Polack," he'd tell them. "I come from a long line of very stubborn people."

Kandrashoff began to frequent Dr. M. Michael Sigel's virology lab at the University of Miami Medical School. Sigel's group happened to be doing some work on fish diseases, and once Kandrashoff got wind of that fact, he wouldn't leave them alone. "Walter comes on very strong," remembers Dr. Robert McDonough of Atlanta, who used to work in Sigel's lab. "He would bring in a fish and an hour later he'd call and demand to know what was wrong with it. Being an intern and the least man on the telephone pole, I always got the call. The big joke was to call me to the phone and say it was my wife, and it would be Walter."

Harbinger: Walter Kandrashoff with pin fish from Biscayne Bay. Note emaciated tail of fish on left

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

Walter picked up what he could from the labs. He learned that the "patches of red," as he called the bloody areas on the fishes' bodies, were hemorrhages, and that the eroded fins he had seen in New York and was now finding in Biscayne Bay were caused by bacterial fin rot, a poorly understood disease thought to be influenced by sewage effluent.

Kandrashoff finally decided he had to take his case to the community. He began to pester reporters from the newspapers and television stations. The Tourist Development members said he was an alarmist and certainly they were quite alarmed when Walter started turning up at meetings of the Chamber of Commerce carrying a canvas satchel of diseased fish. (It was a point of honor always to bring fish he'd caught that very day.) There were newspaper articles and talk shows, but somehow the message was slow to get across. "The man has an eighth-grade education, if that much," remembers McDonough. "Of course, he's got a tremendous intellect, but it was because of his education that a lot of people thought he was a clown."

When support did come, it was from a totally unexpected source: the Miami-Dade Chamber of Commerce. A few members were horrified to see what was coming out of the bay, and horrified as well at the possible consequences to tourism. Doctors were already reporting great numbers of urogenital infections in young women who had been swimming in Miami-area waters. In the spring of 1971 Walter Kandrashoff and Richard Brusuelas, then an ecologist for the Chamber of Commerce, drove out to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's Tropical Atlantic Biological Laboratory on Virginia Key, which happens to be in the very middle of Biscayne Bay. Kandrashoff took along a big sack of specimens he'd been keeping in his freezer, and spread them out before Dr. Carl Sindermann, the director of the laboratory. There were a lot of fish—"mainly mullet, porgy, snapper, plus whatever else was available"—and they were a pathetic display: withered, bleeding, eroded, some with mushrooming tumors corrupting the symmetry of their bodies. It is a shock to see such fish. "Dr. Sindermann was very interested in my specimens," remembers Kandrashoff, "and I knew they made a hell of an impression on Mr. Brusuelas." Sindermann kept some of the fish for further examination; he explained that he really wasn't funded to study the problems of Biscayne Bay—at the time he was studying tuna off the coast of West Africa—but he agreed that somebody should take the problem more seriously.

Four months later, on August 27, 1971, Kandrashoff took a pound-and-a-half croaker that was especially distressed. Although one side of the fish was perfectly normal in appearance, on the other side the eye bulged hugely out of its socket. "I saw some fish with cloudy eyes in New York," says Kandrashoff, "but I never saw a fish that looked like that. It was all wild—you couldn't see the pupil anymore. It was all obliterated." When he touched the swollen growth, blood rushed through the eye. Kandrashoff carefully cut the affected eye out of the head, and using a technique he had picked up in Dr. Sigel's lab, he preserved the tissue in a formalin solution. Sigel diagnosed the disease as lymphoblastoma, a form of leukemia, the first such cancer found in a fish. He sent a slide to Dr. John Harshbarger at the Smithsonian Institution, who listed it as one of the "highlights of the decade" in the *Registry of Tumors in Lower Animals*. "Find another fish like that and you'll be a famous man," Sigel told Walter. Kandrashoff was pleased by his new

The fish in Biscayne Bay are turning into monsters

acceptance in the scientific community, but by that time he was finding tumors on black mullet that were "dangling off the body like grapes."

Even before World War II, observers had associated fish diseases with pollution, especially in the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers in Philadelphia, which was already highly industrialized. But in spite of the intimations that the postwar infusions of chemicals and plastics into the environment were affecting the fish, as late as 1962 it was still widely believed that fish could not metabolize many of the environmental irritants called carcinogens, which the National Cancer Institute estimates cause 60 to 90 percent of the cancers in people. The massive fish kills of the last two decades should have demonstrated that fish are fantastically reactive to foreign substances in the water, yet seldom were the survivors of these catastrophes examined for subtle, sublethal effects. One reason for the misapprehension was that fish proved to be more sensitive than the equipment scientists had to work with. For instance, when rainbow trout in many different hatcheries simultaneously turned up with hepatomas—tumors on the liver usually considered cancerous—the cause was traced to a change in diet, specifically to a new food pellet that was contaminated with chemicals called aflatoxins. Subsequent laboratory tests showed that trout could develop hepatomas when fed concentrations of an aflatoxin as low as *400 parts per trillion*. At detectable levels the fish simply died.

Cancer in fish is still not well understood. Trying to translate the disease of one animal into terms that apply to another is a tricky business, especially when one is comparing a cold-blooded species with warm-blooded mammals. Tumors in fish may be caused by viruses and parasites as well as carcinogens; and cells that are considered cancerous in man, in the sense that they generate tumors elsewhere in the organism and interfere with the necessary processes of the body, may in fish remain localized, with undetermined effects on the health of the animal. Unless an affected fish is held in an aquarium to see what develops, it is often impossible to distinguish between what is benign and what is malignant; yet even when the tumor obviously "endangers the continuation of the host's ecosystem," which is the best definition of malignancy scientists have to work with, the disease is seldom called by its true name. "People who run the fisheries are aware of the emotionality attached to the word cancer," says Dr. Clyde Dawe of the National Cancer Institute, the principal authority on neoplasms (tumors) in aquatic animals. "The view I take is that any tumor, whether it's metastasizing or not, is not good." Some tumors, such as hepatomas in rainbow trout, may require several years to metastasize, and in the wild the disease is seldom allowed to progress that far. As Dr. Don Malins of the Northwest and Alaska Fisheries Center points out, "The problem is that, unlike a lesion on a person or a dog or some animal we normally observe in society, in the marine environment, once an animal becomes impaired, a predator will snap it up."

That's what surprised Walter Kandrashoff. "Everything gets sick in the world," he says, "and what the hell, a fish will get sick, too. But normally a fish like that will get eaten up. I couldn't figure out why all these sick fish were still swimming around. I found my answer when I started looking at the lemon sharks. I haven't found a healthy one yet."

By 1972 Kandrashoff's fishing business was more or less ruined. The 30′ Maine yawl he once enjoyed had been replaced by a 13′ Boston whaler with a 25-horsepower Evinrude—barely

enough to navigate even the generally calm waters of the bay. Obviously the fishing would be better somewhere else, and a lot of fishermen had already left. "We had a pretty good fleet here at one time, catching kingfish and Spanish mackerel," Walter recalls. "Most of them went down to the Keys—the water's cleaner down there."

But Walter decided not to join them. He was captivated by the havoc, like a man watching a forest fire; and although he was often treated like a crackpot by scientists and even other fishermen, Walter had come to believe that he was enrolled in something larger than his own feelings or aspirations; in his own way, he decided that he was doing his part in the fight against cancer. He explained that to his wife and she understood him. She even went to work at night as a waitress. What she didn't understand was having her refrigerator full of disfigured fish parts, the kitchen table littered with jars of formalin, and stacks of manuscripts and newspapers junking up the living room. Looking back, Walter admits, "I realize I might have gone overboard. I was talking about disease all the time. Of course, I was fascinated by this chance to see the whole thing barreling along. I was watching the degradation of the entire bay in front of my very eyes." Mrs. Kandrashoff told her husband that she didn't mind what he did, she just didn't want to hear about it anymore.

Walter had to take a part-time job cleaning fish in a market. It was a real humiliation for him. "I used to be a leader in the technique of how to catch fish," he remembers. "I had guys following me all over the water." At least in his new job he was able to observe that he wasn't the only fisherman bringing in diseased fish. "We wouldn't sell anything with a tumor or something that didn't look right," he says. He kept a special locker for specimens he thought might interest his friends in the lab.

By now Kandrashoff had a disciple: Dr. Robert McDonough, the young intern under Dr. Sigel. "I was always the one delegated to talk to him," McDonough recalls, "and the man began to fascinate me. Finally I had lunch with him one day. That's all it took. A person like that is a real hero. I know that sounds silly nowadays, but Walter cares; it's not just a sham. I knew Walter for three years while I was in Miami, and after that first conference I don't think there was a single night I didn't talk to him at least once on the phone."

McDonough's support gave Walter some of the respectability he knew he

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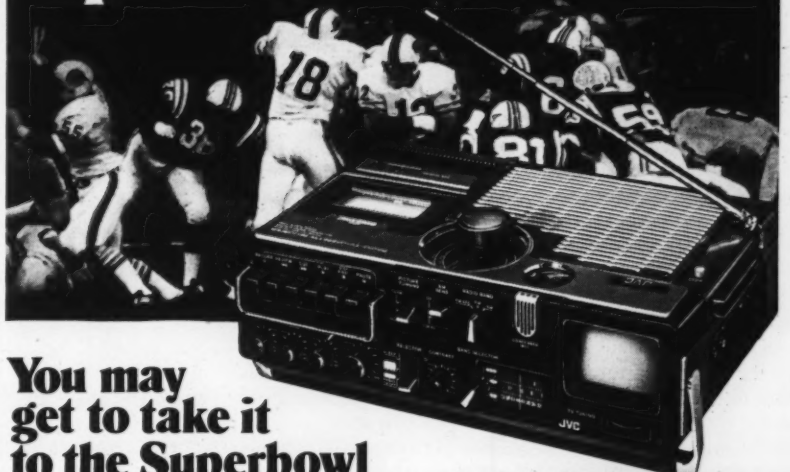

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needed. In 1972 he and McDonough arranged a "Conference on Fish Pollution." "I had really done it up right," McDonough remembers. "I had slides and maps of the bay, Walter had his fish, and we had invited everybody—the Chamber of Commerce, the Tourist Development Authority, the U.S. Marine Fisheries, television, radio—everybody. Walter and I got up and we each gave our little pitch. And then some guy from the Marine Fisheries said he had done a survey of all the fish markets in Miami Beach and he hadn't found a single diseased fish. The fish markets! Walter just hit the ceiling. I thought they were going to have to call the cops."

But the message was finally beginning to come through. In 1973 the University of Miami received a federal grant to study fish diseases in Biscayne Bay, which meant that at last somebody was funded to study "Walter's problem." In an independent study, the Florida Department of Natural Resources conducted a survey and found that fishermen of the Gulf Coast of Florida around Crystal River were also taking fish with tumors. Other projects in other states were beginning to examine fish in their areas. In California, a seven-year survey found approximately 5 percent of the entire saltwater fish population afflicted with fin rot, tumors, parasites or abnormal colorations. In Maine, scientists studying organisms near oil-spill sites were finding cancerous growths in as many as 22 percent of the soft-shell clams. In the estuaries and lakes along the Mississippi Gulf coast, half of the freshwater sport fishes caught today, such as largemouth bass and bluegill are covered with red sores; sometimes the lesions in the bluegill are so deep the bones are exposed. Dr. Robin Overstreet of the Gulf Coast Research Laboratory in Ocean Springs, Mississippi, estimates that during the summer lesions occur on approximately 10 percent of the spot and southern flounder, and on 5 percent of the Atlantic croaker, pinfish and spotted sea trout. Overstreet sorted through a fisherman's haul in three different spots in the Mississippi Sound and found nine striped mullet with as many as 10 tumors per fish. He diagnosed the growths as fibrosarcomas, a cancer, and entered them in Harshbarger's registry.

Harshbarger himself came to Florida to study catfish in central Florida lakes, which receive agricultural runoff containing pesticides and fertilizers from Florida's farmlands. He found lip tumors in both yellow and brown bullheads, and cancerous growths in the mouths of brown bullheads. Like the croaker in salt water, the catfish is a bottom-feeder, and the tumors in both fishes suggest that the sediment is contaminated. In the Great Lakes, a survey of coarse fishes (which are often the only kinds of fish that remain) found tumors in the gonads of 100 percent of the adult male carp in some areas; the tumors invariably render the fish sterile. An examination of museum specimens collected from the lakes 25 years ago found no such tumors, and the fish were reported to have been active breeders. In parts of Lake Ontario over 50 percent of the white suckers have tumors like pink cauliflowers on their lips. These findings are all the more disturbing because of the increasing dependence on the Great Lakes as a source of drinking water for the 30 million people who live and work near the lakes.

In the ponds of the South, catfish are developing twisted and brittle backbones, which evenutally snap in half. This same "broken back syndrome" has also been recently observed in Long Island Sound among the striped bass. Recent studies have described cancerlike epizootics (epidemics among animals) in shellfish in Washington, Oregon, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine and Florida.

Scientists who have been monitoring the flatfish in Puget Sound for over 12 years have recorded instances of skin tumors in young English sole and starry flounder as high as 50 percent. Recently they decided to take a look at flatfish in the Duwamish River estuary, which flows through Seattle and receives heavy industrial pollution before dumping into the sound. They found that 32 percent of the English sole had hepatomas. "People are now beginning to look, and as a consequence they're beginning to find," says Don Malins in Seattle. "One of the present problems which we face is that we don't know what is normal in fish. Unless it is a gross thing then people don't know whether there's been an actual increase of disease or not." However, Malins admits that the incidence of hepatomas in the Duwamish seems extraordinary; other scientists say the figure is astronomical. And yet the situation in the Duwamish is not unrepresentative, and it may not even be that unusual.

In 1974 Walter Kandrashoff wrote in his notes: "This year showed not only a continuation of the previous symptoms in many species of fish, but also changes were occurring that, to my mind, were startling. Either the genetic code was being altered or fish showed abnormal development in the early stages of life. It is my personal belief that both of these changes were taking place simultaneously." On many fish Kandrashoff found round patches like coins where the scales go all awry. "This is alarming, this thing," says Walter. "I never saw such a thing in my life." According to Dr. Lanny Udey of the Marine Pathology program at the University of Miami School of Medicine, scale disorientation is found in about 30 percent of the fish in the bay, and in some species the incidence approaches 50 percent. "So far, I understand this scale disorientation is unique to Florida," Walter says. "I wish they'd put my name on it. I wish they'd call it the 'Kandrashoff Syndrome.' "

At first, Kandrashoff thought it was the bacteria in the sewage causing these problems. "Then as time went on I refined my thoughts. It can't be just bacteria, house waste—it can't be that alone. Over the years I began to think it must be chemicals. Then I got to thinking, what chemicals? Well, what's being used? That's when I thought of chlorinated hydrocarbons—the pesticides, the ones Rachel Carson warned us about. I'm not a chemist, I'm not a scientist, but there's something very deadly about this group of chemicals."

The Synthetic Stew

"They should not be called 'insecticides,' but 'biocides,' " wrote Rachel Carson. In the 15 years since the publication of *Silent Spring* the family of chlorinated hydrocarbons has reared a new generation. Although many of the worst poisons in this group have been banned or restricted, including DDT, dieldrin, aldrin, heptachlor and chlordane, they've been replaced by new compounds, such as Mirex and Kepone, which have long-term effects that are just being discovered. Many chlorinated compounds that are not used as pesticides are also damaging to life. Vinyl chloride, which is used to make rigid plastics, is a chlorinated hydrocarbon; so is carbon tetrachloride, a common cleaning fluid. Both of these compounds are carcinogens, as are many other members of the family.

"Chlorinated hydrocarbons are broken down slowly and tend to be persistent in the environment," explains Ken Kamlet of the National Wildlife Federation. "They are even more insidious because they exert a number of poorly understood sublethal effects, including the most horrifying of all—a tendency to interfere with reproduction, and in animals very similar to man."

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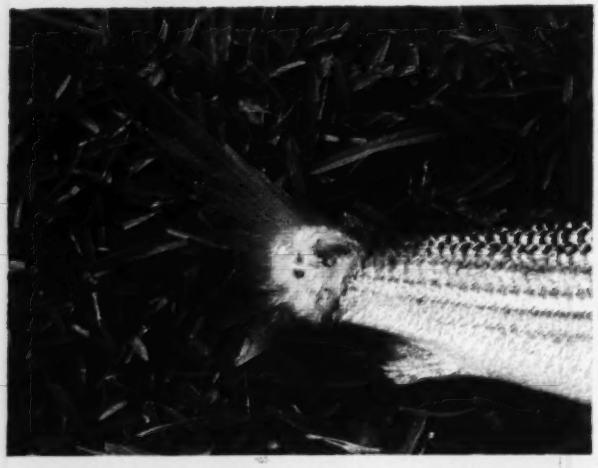

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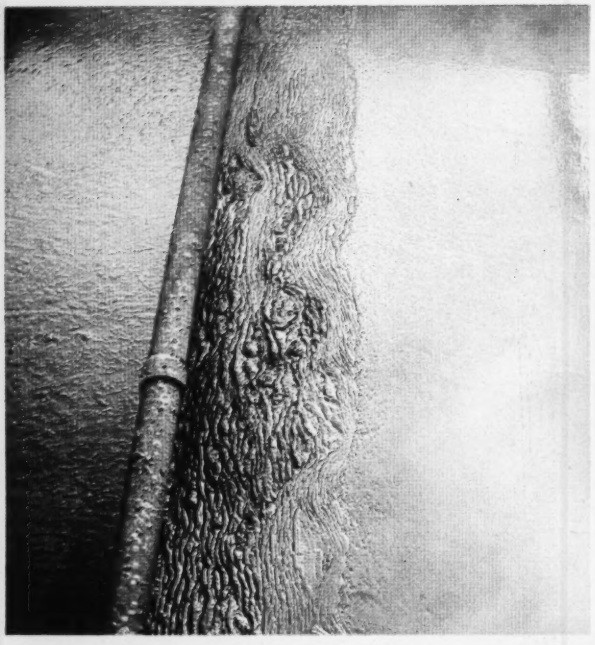

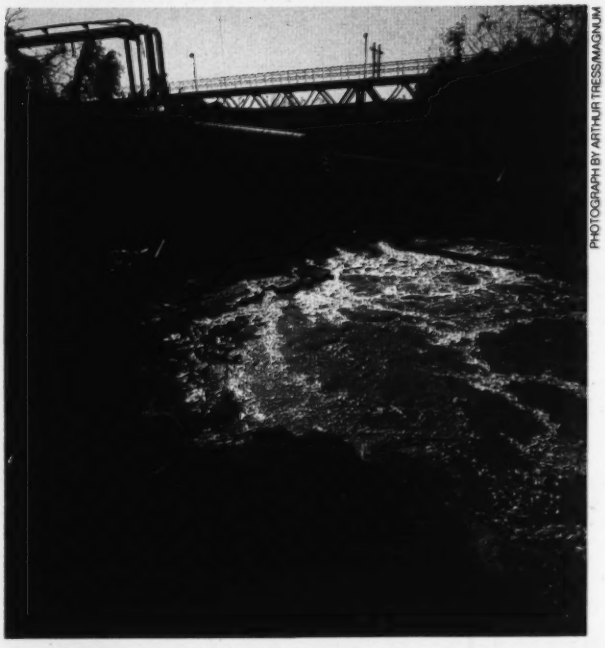

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN BUDNIK/WOODFIN CAMP

Help! Tail erosion and scale disorientation are now increasingly found in Florida fish (top). In New Orleans, industrial muck is dumped directly into the Mississippi (middle). Paper mill discharges more of the same into the unfishable Hudson, while chlorine plant gives Miami water a swimming-pool taste

counts for the phenomenon known as bioaccumulation. The compounds tend to settle into the sediment, where they are picked up by microorganisms that are subsequently eaten by fish. The fish can store chemicals in their livers and fatty tissues at high levels—at levels as much as a millionfold greater than the contamination of the surrounding water. Shellfish are especially adept at picking up extraneous chemicals, with the result that "off limits" signs are a common sight on clam and oyster beds all over the country.

Kepone, an ant and roach killer, became notorious when an investigation of the Life Science Products plant in Hopewell, Virginia, disclosed neurological disorders in many of the workers who manufactured the chemical. Tons of this material have been discharged into the James River, which empties into Chesapeake Bay. The projected field study to examine the effects of this chemical on fish in the river hasn't begun yet; however, Dr. John Couch of the EPA's Gulf Breeze Laboratory in Florida has done a controlled lab experiment on sheepshead minnows, which are a common fish along the coast from Texas to Maryland. He found that when he exposed the fish to four or five parts of Kepone per billion in sea water—nearly the lowest detectable level—he got what he called "quite a striking effect." The fish convulsed. Within seven days 100 percent of the test fish had developed black tail, which indicates neurological damage, and the broken-back syndrome. Upon examination, Couch found that the fish had actually splintered their own backbones through their violent convulsions. "The implications of these lab tests are—how would you say it?—dire," says Couch.

Kepone has been found in human tissues and mother's milk, especially in the South where Mirex, which is differentiated from Kepone by a single atom of oxygen, is sprayed on farmlands to poison fire ants. Other chlorinated compounds, including "disturbing traces" of dieldrin, are found in human tissues, according to the EPA. No one knows the consequences of this.

The most malevolent member of the family of chlorinated hydrocarbons may be a group of compounds known as PCBs—polychlorinated biphenyls. PCBs have been used primarily in closed electrical systems such as transformers, but also in plastics, paints and lubricants. Although they were never sprayed over the landscape, as many chlorinated pesticides still are, they are ubiquitous in the environment. Their presence in rivers

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and oceans derives almost entirely from spills and industrial waste. That's the great irony about PCBs; the incidental discharge of these compounds may result in a greater destruction of the fishery than decades of concentrated, deliberate pollution.

Along the Hudson River, which was to have been a showcase for the cleanup of the nation's waterways, two General Electric plants until recently have been discharging PCBs in amounts that ranged from less than 10 to as much as 30 pounds per day; now thousands of pounds of residue have settled in the bottom of the river, and they're likely to stay there for many years. The fish that live in the Hudson are accumulating PCBs in high and sometimes fantastic doses. Downstream from the plants the average fish has concentrated nearly 100 parts per million (ppm) in his tissues. The champion is an eel with 575 ppm of PCBs. The limit for edible fish, according to the Food and Drug Administration, is 5 ppm. It will be a long time before fishing is allowed in the Hudson. And who can say what is happening to the over 100,000 people who draw their drinking water from the Hudson?

The Hudson River, though the most conspicuous symbol of PCB pollution, is hardly the only one. Fish in lakes and rivers all over the country are contaminated far in excess of the FDA "limit," yet enforcement has largely been left to the states, which are under great pressure from sport and commercial fishermen to disregard or evade the standard. In Lake Michigan, for instance, where trout have been found with concentrations of 165 ppm, fishermen have been advised not to eat more than one fish per week. This, despite the fact that mink fed on Great Lakes fish stopped reproducing. (Dr. Robert Ringer at Michigan State University later found that mink failed to reproduce when fed PCBs at 0.164 ppm, which is 30 times lower than the FDA limit. At 3.57 ppm, the mink died.) In Seattle, scientists suspect that PCBs may be the agent that is causing liver tumors in the English sole, although the PCB concentrations in the edible fillets (which are usually the only portion measured) are 10 times lower than the FDA standard. Most female monkeys fed PCBs at exactly the FDA standard were made sterile. Those that did conceive (only 12.5 percent compared with 90 percent of the control group) had smaller offspring; and of the offspring nursing from mothers fed on this diet, half were dead within four months. The survivors showed various mental defects and learning disabilities.

Fish are almost the sole source of PCB contamination in humans, which is increasing rapidly. According to the EPA, the *average* concentration of PCBs in human breast milk is 1.8 ppm, which means that nursing infants are getting 10 times the concentrations of PCBs recommended as "safe" for babies.

In the face of all this, the FDA announced on April 1 of this year that it is proposing lowering its PCB standard from 5 ppm to 2 ppm, which is the Canadian standard. (Currently, fish that are too contaminated to sell in Canada are sent to the U.S.) Of course, strenuous enforcement of even the *present* standard would shut down fishing all over the country. Many of the major rivers, bays and important reservoirs would be closed. That's already happened in some cases, although enforcement by the states is irregular, and when the contaminated body of water falls between two states, the confusion can be comical. Lake Hartwell, on the Georgia-South Carolina line, is closed in South Carolina and open in Georgia; on the other hand, the Coosa River is closed in Georgia, but open in Alabama, where it dumps into Lake Weiss. In Chesapeake Bay, where the principal contaminant is Kepone, Governor Mills Godwin of Virginia believes that bluefish are unsafe to eat, while Governor Marvin Mandel says that they are okay in Maryland.

The Monsanto Corporation, which was the sole producer of PCBs in this country, has recently volunteered to stop manufacturing the product, but that doesn't mean PCBs are no longer a threat. Other countries still manufacture PCBs, and about a million pounds are imported into this country each year. Even if the EPA achieves the goal of eliminating all PCB emissions, there are enough accidental spills or unreported discharges to continue to affect the environment. In March of this year, for example, a trucker in Iowa mistook a shipment of PCB solvents for crankcase oil; he was about to spread it over the gravel roads when a state official caught him. The official said there were enough PCBs in the solvent to kill or cripple nearly every citizen of Iowa.

The real danger of chlorinated hydrocarbons and PCBs—aside from the obvious implications for human health—is that fish may stop propagating. In many places this has already happened. The Maryland Department of Natural Resources reports that there hasn't been a successful spawning of oysters in Chesapeake Bay since the mid-sixties. In the Great Lakes, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has spent $175 million to restore the trout population. "The fish are living and thriving," says Steve DiAngelo of USFW, "they just aren't reproducing."

The Invisible Menace

In 1973 researchers at the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences in North Carolina noticed that their experimental mice and rabbits were producing fewer offspring. Spontaneous abortion had increased, and there were unexpected numbers of dead and malformed among the litters. Although many of the compounds tested in the NIEHS lab can affect reproduction, none of these animals had been involved in any experiments. The problem seemed to be in the water, which happened to be tap water from the city of Durham. Scientists were not able to explain satisfactorily what in the water might be affecting the animals, but when it was purified through filtration the anomalies stopped.

In New Orleans, citizens were used to drinking yellowish drinking water with an oily consistency and a poor taste; some days the odor was offensive, and if a consumer had known about such things he might have been able to correlate it to a barge spill upriver in the Mississippi, where the city gets its drinking water, or to a rain in St. Louis that overburdened a sewage treatment plant. New Orleans has the disadvantage of being downstream from 40 percent of the nation, and by the time the Mississippi reaches the city it is laden with fertilizers, insecticides, feed lot wastes, topsoil, mine slag, dyes, acids, an array of heavy metals, and industrial chemicals with exotic pedigrees. After 1967, fish caught in the Mississippi below Baton Rouge were spiced with such strange flavors that they could no longer be sold. The Federal Water Pollution Control Administration examined some of the chemicals found in both raw and treated water in New Orleans, and reported in 1972 the identification of 46 organic compounds, which they said represented less than 2 percent of the total chemical load. Some of the chemicals they discovered are toxins, and at least three (chloroform, benzene and carbon tetrachloride) are carcinogens. The EPA concluded that Mississippi River drinking water was dangerous, especially to the elderly, the ill and children.

This report got little attention until 1974, when Dr. Robert H. Harris of the Environmental Defense Fund made the connection between the quality of the drinking water and the rate of cancer mortality in New Orleans, which is 32

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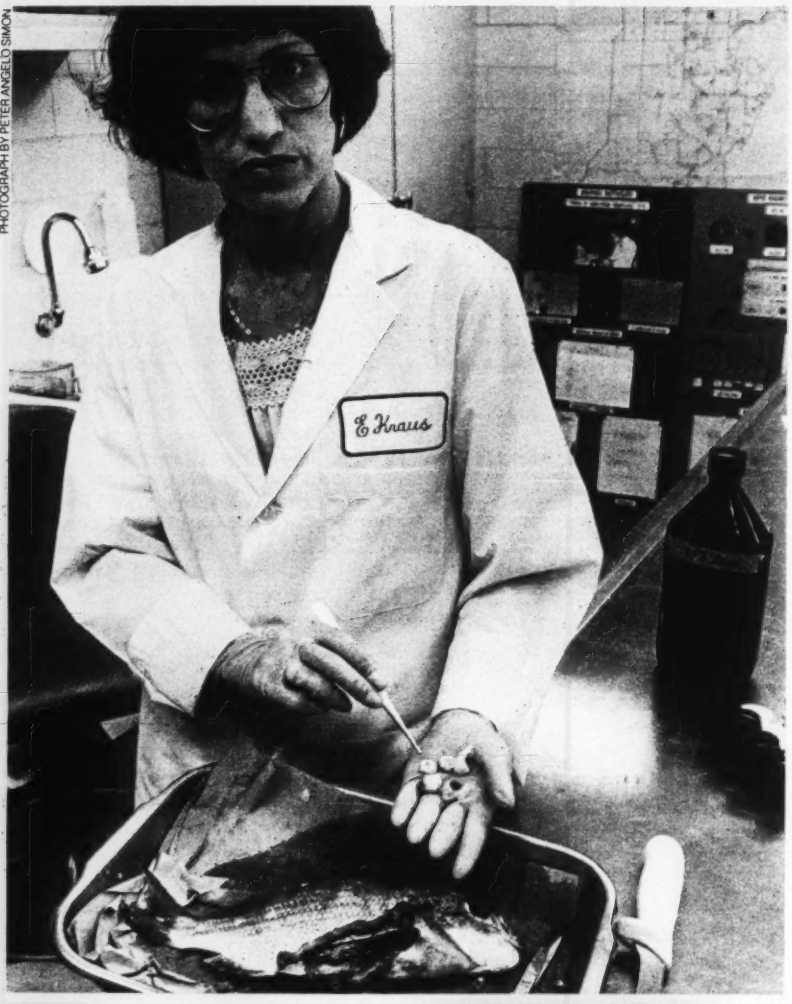

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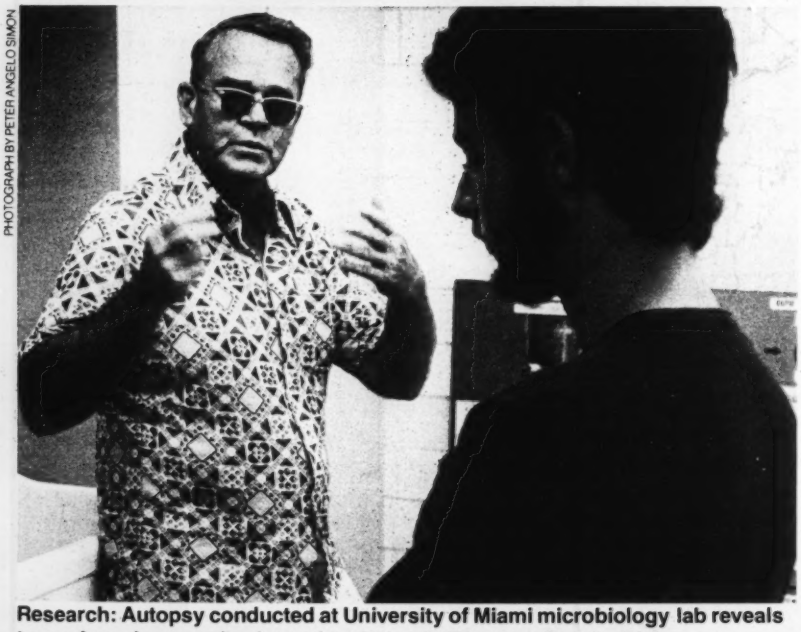


Research: Autopsy conducted at University of Miami microbiology lab reveals tumor in male porgy (top) caught in Miami's Biscayne Bay by Walter Kandrashoff (bottom left) and biologist Dana Kent

percent above the national average. In a press conference, Harris suggested that the polluted water might account for 10 to 20 percent of the total cancer death rate in the city. His figures showed that increased purification of the drinking water to remove carcinogens would alone save the lives of over 50 white males each year. The city health director angrily replied that drinking New Orleans water was no more dangerous "than driving a car." Few people in the city had thought of such a comparison, but once made, it seemed unfortunately apt.

The next day the EPA released its own study of New Orleans water. They had now found 66 organic chemicals in the treated water, including several known and suspected carcinogens. (Since then, finding chemicals in New Orleans water has become a sort of graduate students' contest. The count is now 112, and Stewart Brehm, director of the New Orleans Sewer and Water Board, gamely estimates that the final tally will be over 900.) What was more disturbing is that some of the most dangerous chemicals in the finished water weren't found in the raw river water. They seemed to have been formed during treatment; and since the bulk of the new compounds created were chlorinated hydrocarbons, primarily chloroform, the implication was that New Orleans had jeopardized the health of its citizens by disinfecting the water with chlorine, a practice common to nearly every American city.

Another EPA study of 80 cities found that the New Orleans situation was not unique. In places where the water source was known to be polluted, as in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, the organic chemical content was high; but even in cities where the raw water was thought to be relatively clean, chlorination generated known or suspected carcinogens. As a matter of fact, the most polluted water happened to belong to Miami, which draws its water from wells. The water drains out of the Everglades into a shallow underground lake known as the Biscayne Aquifer, and when it arrives in the Miami wellfield it is full of natural humic chemicals, which give the water a brown hue. Brown water is thought to be a poor risk by the tourist industry, so for years the City of Miami has been adding extra doses of chlorine during treatment as a bleaching agent; the result is a product with an appetizing clarity, which sometimes tastes like swimming-pool water. The chloroform content of Miami's water is 311 parts per billion, the highest in the nation; by comparison New Orleans'

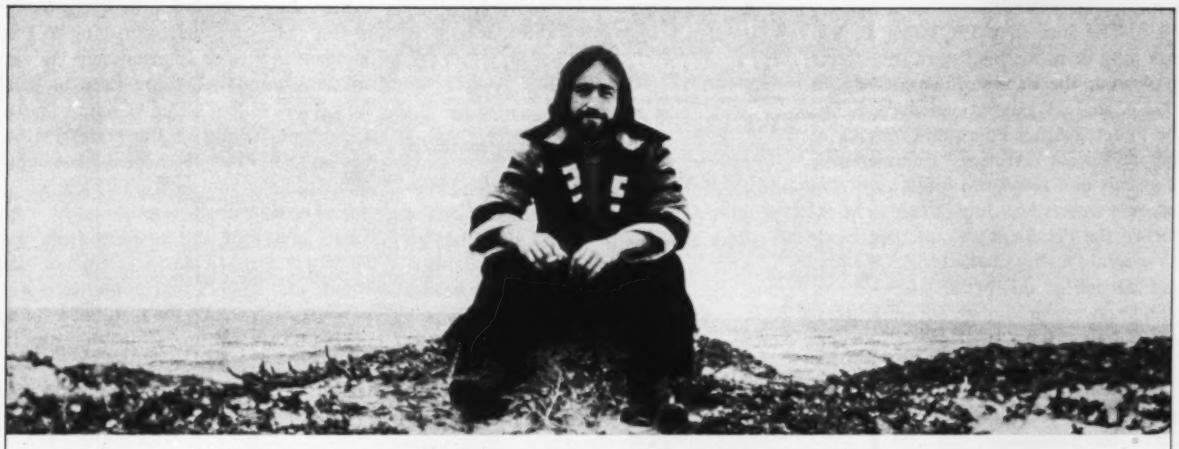
water has only 133 parts per billion.

Chloroform was used for years in cough syrup, and one of the arguments favored by waterworks supervisors was that it would take as many as 16 years of drinking New Orleans water to get the equivalent dose found in one bottle of Vicks Formula 44. Now that chloroform has been removed from the market by the FDA that argument is not so popular. In any case, the concern was not that a person would fall over dead after a glass of water, but that after a lifetime of drinking water contaminated in small quantities he might develop a cancer he wouldn't otherwise have. People selectively store some carcinogens in their bodies, and it is generally suspected that the total burden of these unwanted chemicals invites an increased chance of cancer. "We live in water; our cells are bathed in it," remarks Dr. Daniel Jackson, director of the Drinking Water Quality Laboratory at Florida International University. "Even though chloroform in the water may not be an immediate hazard, it is quite possible that it makes our cells more vulnerable to other assaults." In New Orleans, Dr. John Laseter has found chloroform as well as carbon tetrachloride and tetrachloroethylene in the blood of local residents, and although the citizens may have been exposed to these chemicals elsewhere in the environment, all three are present in the water. More disturbing is Laseter's discovery that some carcinogens, including chloroform, benzene and carbon tetrachloride, are present in the blood of human fetuses, and at concentrations greater than in the blood of their mothers. Apparently the chemicals tend to accumulate in the embryo, and that may have grave implications for children who are born with higher levels of these chemicals. Statisticians at the EPA and the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences have demonstrated positive correlations between chloroform levels in the water and certain cancers, especially bladder and rectal cancers.

The National Academy of Sciences has just prepared a study of chemical contamination of drinking water for EPA, in order for the agency finally to set standards for organic chemicals. The study points out that chlorination also produces brominated hydrocarbons, such as bromodichloromethane, dibromochloromethane and bromoform. According to Dr. Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel laureate at Stanford University who has studied chlorine and its compounds, these brominated chemicals may be even more hazardous than their chlorinated cousins. The family of brominated hydrocarbons includes several well-known flame retardants, some of which are strikingly similar in structure to chlorinated pesticides. Notable among these flame retardants are Tris, which has just been banned from use in children's sleepwear, and the polybrominated biphenyls (PBBs), which accidentally contaminated livestock feed in Michigan, caused the slaughter of 32,000 cattle and nearly 2 million chickens, and endangered the state's citizens.

Cities continue to chlorinate water because it is the cheapest, most effective way to kill bacteria. "But can you get them without getting us? That's the question," says Lederberg. "I think it's disgraceful that we haven't long since looked at alternatives to chlorination."

Purer water is easy to produce, but it may be expensive—at least, more expensive than Americans are used to paying for their water. Waterworks supervisors in six cities have EPA grants to look at different techniques of disinfection and filtration. Jim Becnel, director of the Carrollton waterworks in New Orleans, is studying ozonation, but he is skeptical that these new methods will ever be used, at least in New Orleans, where the water board can't even get a rate hike to replace equipment that's been in use since the turn of the century.



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"Ultimately we're left up in the air with a risk assessment," agrees Dr. Herman Kraybill of the National Cancer Institute. "Maybe a chemical will cause 15 cancers in a population of 100,000. Well, will you allow that? Before cities spend a couple of hundred million dollars they're going to have to make such decisions."

Last September, at a conference on aquatic pollution sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Robert Miller of the National Cancer Institute reviewed some of the health implications of water contaminants. "It is clear that contamination of water has shrunk the size of newborn babies, starved others of oxygen, pustulated the skin for years in persons of all ages, caused bones to ache with every step and addled the brains of newborns, children and adults," he said. "With this array of adverse effects on the integrity of the human organism, is there really a need to invoke the specter of cancer to achieve clean water?"

The answer to Dr. Miller's question may lie in the history of the efforts to clean up the waters of this country. In 1972 Congress passed amendments to the Federal Water Pollution Control Act that called for restoring "the chemical, physical, and biological integrity of the nation's waters" by July 1, 1983. The report of the President's Council on Environmental Quality characterizes the first half decade of this act as a period "of high expectation and significant frustration." Industry has tied up pollution permits in court so many times that the EPA has actually backed off some standards; in other cases the General Accounting Office has found that dischargers were not obeying the permits anyway. Congress is now considering the National Commission on Water Quality's recommendation that the 1983 deadline be put off for as long as 10 years.

The Safe Drinking Water Act of 1974 has encountered similar defeats. EPA was supposed to set standards for measurement of total organics in the drinking water within three months of the bill. When it did, municipal waterworks directors reacted so strongly that EPA withdrew its standards, saying there was inadequate data about technology and health effects. Now there's a lot more information about health effects and none of it is encouraging, but in the meantime EPA has been advancing proposals based on what most cities can easily meet, not what's safe. The final "total trihalomethane" standard, which would include chloroform and the brominated compounds formed by treatment, will probably be between 100 and 150 parts per billion, which Robert Harris says is "cosmetic." Herman Kraybill of NCI agrees. "I'll always remember the mental gymnastics they [the EPA] went through to get these figures," he recalls. "Finally they asked [the Waterworks Association] if they could meet 100 ppm and they said yes." The preponderance of cities, including New Orleans, would have to make little or no adjustment in treatment techniques under this standard. "There are some government studies that may suggest such levels of chloroform could result in an increase in certain kinds of cancer by as much as 30 percent," says Harris.

The latest piece of legislation is the Toxic Substances Control Act, or TOSCA, which requires industries to provide the EPA with information on the toxicity of new chemicals *before* they go into production, in the hope that dangerous chemicals may be stopped before they get into the environment. Similar laws were supposed to protect against pesticides, but last year three EPA attorneys resigned from the agency, protesting that in too many cases the EPA accepted obviously fraudulent data from industry and allowed the use of hazardous pesticides, disregarding the effects on the environment. "Anyone who believes that TOSCA is going to be a cure-all is living in a dream world," says Calvin Menzie of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "However, it is the first real effort to prevent, rather than to react."

Dr. Robert Harris made the connection between the quality of the drinking water and the rate of cancer mortality in New Orleans, which is 32 percent above the national average

Today, one person in four will get cancer in his lifetime, and one in five will die of it. Both the incidence of cancer and the cancer death rate are going up. Human cancer takes a long time to produce—the latency period is usually between 20 and 30 years—so most of this year's cancers reflect environmental conditions that prevailed in the 1940s and 1950s. According to the U.S. Tariff Commission, the production of synthetic organic chemicals has increased 1200 percent since the end of World War II. Robert Harris at EDF has charted the rise in synthetic organic chemicals with the cancer death rate. "Look at this," he says, pointing to the lines for production of plastics and pesticides, which begin to ascend in 1950 and become almost vertical after 1960. "These industries really began to take off after 1955," he says. "Of course, cancer death rates have been going up all along, about 1 percent a year. But look what happened last year, about 20 years after these industries got going: suddenly we have a doubling of the rate of increase. The line charting the death rate turns up sharply, just as the lines for plastics and pesticides did two decades before. If these lines continue to correspond," says Harris, "all hell is going to break loose."

The Deadly Silence

The use of pesticides will increase another 50 percent by 1984, estimates Frost and Sullivan, Inc., a New York research firm. For many parts of the country that means approaching or exceeding the amount of pesticides currently used in Florida, which is fourth in the nation in this category; and, according to Dan Jackson at Florida International University, more pesticides are used in Palm Beach and Miami's Dade County than in any other section of the state. He believes that the pesticides have contaminated the aquifer from which Miami draws its water.

Much of the residue from the chlorinated pesticides washes into the canals and sewers that empty into Biscayne Bay. PCBs have also been found in high concentrations in the canals. Kandrashoff believes that the chlorinated hydrocarbons are responsible for what he calls "the one-two punch": the chemicals are breaking down the fishes' immune systems and making them more susceptible to other diseases. There is some evidence that this may be happening. Dr. Couch at EPA's Gulf Breeze Lab exposed shrimp to low levels of PCBs (three parts per billion) for a period of 30 to 40 days and got a tripling of the incidence of bacterial infection.

In any case, PCBs and pesticides are not the only sources of chlorinated hydrocarbons in the bay. On Virginia Key the City of Miami maintains a sewage disposal plant; sewage there is treated and, according to accepted policy, heavily chlorinated to kill the bacteria.

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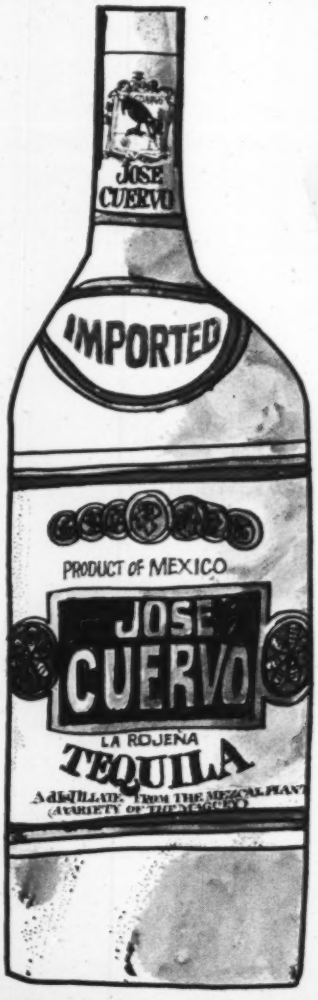

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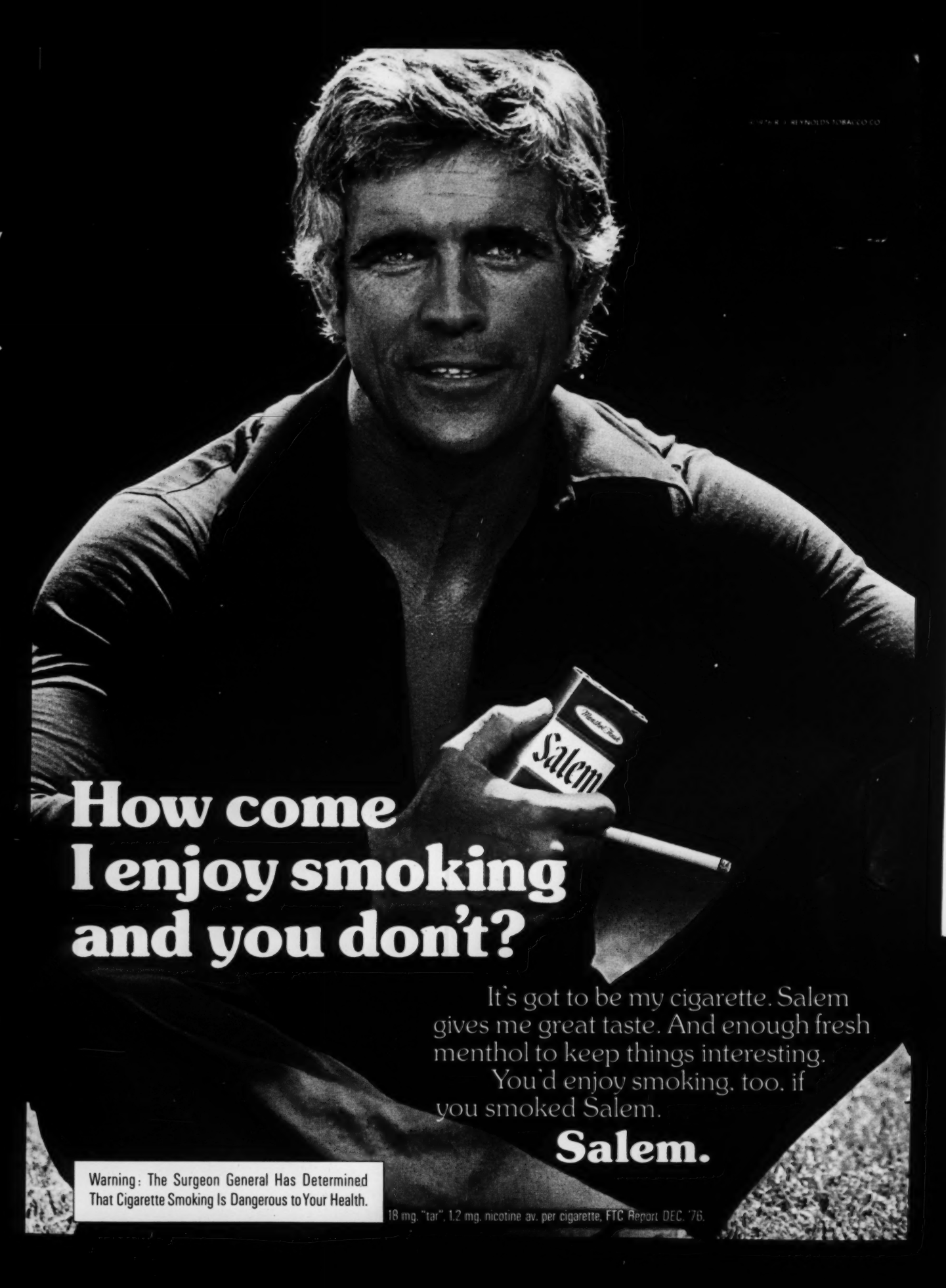

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Since chlorine is an extremely dynamic chemical, it reacts like crazy with the organic elements in sewage, forming vast and complicated chains of chlorinated compounds, some of which weakly resemble compounds we normally recognize as pesticides. According to Dr. Robert Jolley at Oak Ridge National Laboratory, approximately 100,000 tons of chlorine is used each year in this country to disinfect waste water, and of this he estimates about 5,000 tons of chlorine containing organic compounds are released into the waterways each year. About an equal amount of chlorine is used by the power industries to clean the slime out of their heat exchangers. The effect of all this chlorinated effluent on fish can be devastating.

By itself, chlorine is noxious to fish. EPA lab experiments have shown that trout will avoid water with as little as five parts per billion of chlorine, which is barely detectable by the most sensitive instruments; chlorine at the levels found in drinking water is often lethal to fish. In the past, federal laws have actually encouraged cities to chlorinate their sewage effluent in greater and greater amounts, until the entire soup of chemicals is so saturated that no further reactions are produced; at that point many cities add more chlorine for good measure. This extra dose provides a detectable level of residual, or "free," chlorine, and its purpose is to kill persistent viruses. The State of Virginia, for instance, requires that its effluent must have 2 ppm of free chlorine in order to protect its valuable shellfish industry from contamination by viruses such as polio and hepatitis; the only problem is that oyster larvae die when exposed to chlorine levels nearly a thousand times lower. "That's good, hard evidence that we don't know what we're doing," says Dr. James Carpenter, in the Department of Chemical Oceanography at the University of Miami. He worries that with the movement toward secondary treatment of sewage, which ordinarily makes more free chlorine available, and with the increasing tendency to situate power plants on estuaries and coastlines, we may soon sterilize our entire seaboard.

That's not the only thing he worries about. He recently got a grant to study chlorinated hydrocarbons in the water off Virginia Key, and discovered to his chagrin that there weren't any. It seemed impossible that all the pesticides and sewage effluent, not to mention the drainings of thousands of swimming pools, could simply vanish in the complicated chemistry of the sea. Only when he replicated the situation in his lab did he discover what had happened: the chlorine was displaced by bromine, which is naturally found in sea water. In warm tropical waters this reaction takes less than a minute, and suddenly there is an entirely new class of compounds—the brominated hydrocarbons, which are even more toxic and probably more carcinogenic than their chlorinated equivalents. It's no wonder that the fish in Biscayne Bay are turning into monsters.

Few people are aware of this desolation among fish, and there are good reasons why. "The people who are doing the investigations to see what are killing the fish are the same people who at the state level are supporting the polluting industries," says Dr. Clyde Dawe at NCI. "Their primary mission is to assure an abundant supply of water for industry." Frank Hamons of the Maryland Department of Natural Resources agrees. "Many state scientists are probably in the same position I am," he says. "A great deal has to be considered—including politics. A lot of people get very frustrated by this. I keep telling myself that state departments need people like me. It's very frustrating." Hamon's position is complicated by the variety of standards that are sometimes arbitrary and often unenforceable. "What worries working-level scientists is that it isn't the big things that are going to get us. You can see them. If we lose this fight to save the waters of our country it will be because of a multiplicity of stresses. What do you do with a hundred little stresses, none of which are lethal by themselves? We may have thousands of compounds at extremely low levels, but what do they add up to? Right now we can't even research that adequately."

Scientists are not the only ones with a reason to keep quiet. Commercial fishermen, even as they are being wiped out, are afraid of panicking the public, so when the fishing goes bad they drift on. The fish markets bury the bad fish, but they can't hide the poor catch—the prices tell that story. "I don't believe in scaring people," says Dawe, "but on the other hand, I'm afraid there's some covering up going on."

The response of public health officials is varied. In Seattle, people have been advised to avoid eating fish from the Duwamish, not because of the tumors on the livers, but because of the concentrations of PCBs in the fillets, which is on an order of magnitude lower than the FDA standard. In Miami, when the director of the Dade County Department of Public Health was asked about the consequences of eating diseased fish from Biscayne Bay, he replied, "Honestly, this is the first I've heard about it. . . . This is very disturbing news."

One could suggest a conspiracy of silence, but the experience of Walter Kandrashoff indicates that there is a more pernicious element at work. Certainly the scientists and fishermen and the public health departments have kept quiet, but Walter has been loud and relentless, and what has happened?

Walter now works for the University of Miami, catching fish one or two days a week for the scientists to examine. So far he's brought in 3,500 specimens. It's a menial job, and he still has to work at the fish market.

The final indignity is that eight years after Walter began his campaign no one seems to have paid any attention. All along the causeway people are fishing out of Biscayne Bay. "I watched on this ocean pier out here, people catching fish with gross symptoms," he says. "They don't even see it—they put it right in the bag. You ought to see the scale disorientation on some of these fish. The stripes are all out of line. It doesn't mean anything to these people."

Occasionally, Walter goes down to the Chamber of Commerce dock to see what the charter boats are bringing in from the Gulf Stream: trigger fish and blues with lesions, and nearly a third with red fins. Neither the captains nor the tourists seem disturbed. "What are they—living on a separate planet somewheres?" says Walter. "It's like God gave me a special gift to get excited. I don't know why I'm doing this. Nobody's standing behind me."

Unfortunately that is so. Clyde Dawe of NCI has suggested using fish as sentinel animals to detect carcinogens in the environment, but, in Biscayne Bay, the Fish Disease Survey is being dropped. Lack of community support is the reason they gave Walter, although Dr. Udey admits that he personally recommended against continuing the survey. One item dropped from the new budget is Walter's job.

This spring Walter took his son up the coast to Stuart, above Palm Beach, and while his son competed in a junior fishing rodeo Walter took note of the children's catch. Already he could see fin rot, lesions, hemorrhages, and Kandrashoff's Syndrome. He knows it doesn't stop there. In his mind he sees the day when all the fish are gone. "We may be losing a percentage of the fish each reproductive cycle," he says. "The pollution is becoming a part of the bottom. It's not going to be swept away. It's a part of the sediment and it may be there forever." ●

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"I am going to declare war"

By Blake Fleetwood

MIAMI HERALD

Orlando Bosch is in a Venezuelan jail, charged with ordering the bombing of a Cuban plane in which 73 people died. In an exclusive interview, he talks about his years as a terrorist, his secret alliances with Latin American governments and his plans to get even with the "traitors" who put him in jail

It had been a long time since Dr. Orlando Bosch had talked to a reporter. He had been a fugitive for three years—ever since he boasted he was going "underground to direct the internationalization of the war" against his one-time comrade Fidel Castro. Sometimes, as he flew from one Latin American capital to another, he would forget what name he had decided to use and would begin fumbling among his four phony passports.

He had once been a practicing pediatrician, first in Cuba, then in Miami, but for more than 20 years now the tools of his real trade had been instruments of death—plastic explosives, rifles and bazookas. He led a group of Cuban exiles implicated in some 150 bombings and some 50 murders in the last two years (*New Times*, October 29, 1976). His group had been linked to the car-bomb assassination of Chilean exile leader Orlando Letelier in Washington, D.C., last September, and now he was under arrest in Caracas, Venezuela, charged with ordering the bombing of a Cuban commercial airliner last October 6, which killed 73 people. He is one of the most famous terrorists in the world.

A tall, heavy-set man with thick glasses, he was sitting in the sun in the Caracas prison when I walked up to him.

"Dr. Bosch?" I asked hesitantly.

"Yes?" he replied.

I introduced myself as a reporter from New York. He squinted as he carefully looked me over.

"How did you get in here?" he asked suspiciously.

I told him I had called his lawyer two weeks before and been told to come down to Venezuela. By the time I arrived, his lawyer had gone on vacation and I couldn't reach him. I was in despair. I'd flown 3,000 miles for nothing. It seemed that it would be impossible to see Bosch. I knew that Joanne Omang of the *Washington Post* had spent weeks in Caracas trying to see Bosch and hadn't been successful. In desperation I had called another lawyer, who surprised me with a simple suggestion. "Tomorrow is visiting day," he said. "Be there at 8 a.m. and maybe you can get in."

At eight the next morning, I showed up at the prison gates and saw two lines of visitors waiting to enter the prison. On the left were about 300 women burdened down with baskets of fruit, pies, cakes and fresh linen for their imprisoned menfolk. To the right stood the four male visitors to the prison. In a few minutes the line started to move and I followed along. I passed a table where someone asked me for my *cédula*. Although I understand some Spanish, this was not a word I knew. Everyone else handed him what looked like an I.D. card, so I took out my passport. He took it and gave me a small plastic stub. One of the guards, who spoke a rough, country Spanish that was difficult to understand, told me to put down my briefcase and ushered me into a small bathroom where I was frisked. Then my briefcase was quickly searched and handed back to me. I followed the other four men through two barred gates. And suddenly I realized I was in the prison—at liberty to find Bosch among the lounging prisoners. I asked one of the more respectable-looking prisoners where I could find Orlando Bosch.

"You're in the wrong place altogether. I'll take you to him." And he did—through endless corridors and cell blocks. We ended up in a sunlit courtyard in a section of the prison reserved for special prisoners. He pointed to a man 20 feet away, as if he didn't want to

get too close to the most famous killer in all of South America. "Over there, at that table. That's him."

I told Bosch that not only hadn't they asked me whom I was going to see, but that they had somehow missed the compact tape recorder in my briefcase. Bosch, as it turned out, was anxious to talk to a foreign reporter, saying that the Venezuelan government had prevented other interviews. For six hours, over the din of homemade drums in a nearby courtyard, he poured out his story.

"Fidel Castro and I were born in Cuba the same month 50 years ago. We both came from fairly prosperous middle-class families. We both ended up at the University of Havana in the late 1940s. I was in medical school and president of the student council, and Castro was a delegate to the student council from the law school. Although we had our differences, we worked together often and were both elected to our positions from the same political party, which was very much in the center between the right and left. It's not like today when all Latin American universities are dominated by Marxists. We were both very anticommunist and anti-Batista and very nationalistic."

Bosch left Cuba in 1952 for two years of internship in pediatrics at Toledo Hospital in Ohio. "When I finished in 1954, I returned to my hometown of Santa Clara and set up a practice as a pediatrician. But the tyranny of the Batista dictatorship made me join up with Castro again.

"The Batista dictatorship was choking us. I became the leader of the July 26th Movement in my province and we won the fight. I was appointed to the government as a minister of communication. But even as the war was ending, we were having problems with the Communists. They were taking over everything. I complained, I fought against it, but there was nothing I could do. At the time, I still had faith in Castro and his revolution. But then it got too bad, and after a month I resigned from the government. That's when I started conspiring against Castro."

Bosch told me about the group of anti-Castro guerrillas he had led in the Escambray mountains in Cuba in 1960. Castro, Bosch says, sentenced him to death. After running out of supplies, he and his followers fled to Florida, where they found a benefactor in the CIA. At one point, the agency had up to 6,000 Cuban exiles on its payroll.

Bosch interrupted himself and took me to his cell, a small six-by-eight-foot room lined with Spanish tile wallpaper. A small Sony television sat on a shelf in the corner, and there were fresh "designer" sheets on the bed. Bosch introduced his cellmate, Luis Posada, who is also being held in connection with the plane bombing. Posada pulled out a box of Havana cigars and offered me one: "America may have an embargo against Cuban cigars, but we don't."

Bosch and Posada had worked together during the heyday of CIA-sponsored anti-Castro activities in the early sixties, including bombing missions against Cuban sugar mills and gunboat attacks against Castro's fishing boats. But, in 1963, after the Cuban missile crisis and the subsequent reduction of anti-Castro activities by the Kennedy administration, Bosch realized that the CIA was no longer wholeheartedly committed to his cause. "I felt betrayed by the Kennedy administration and by the CIA. They held out a dream to us and then let us down."

"The Dominican government let me stay in the country and organize 'actions.' I wasn't going to church every day. We were conspiring there. Planning bombings and killings"

His own militancy had only increased. An exile group he led claimed credit for 11 bombing attacks against Cuban territory; six times Bosch was arrested for violating U.S. neutrality laws. Finally, on September 16, 1968, he was caught in the act of firing a makeshift bazooka into the hull of a Polish ship docked in Miami.

Most of the testimony against Bosch at his subsequent trial came from Ricardo Morales Navarette. Morales is a man of many hats—terrorist, informant, hit man, mercenary and cop. He had been an agent in Castro's secret police, a CIA operative, a paid informant for the FBI, an agent provocateur, an anti-Castro terrorist. Today he is a top Venezuelan secret-police official.

Bosch and Morales met in Miami in 1968. Morales, acting on instructions from the FBI, supplied Bosch with dynamite and C-4 explosives for blowing up ships. He also fixed and put in firing condition the bazooka Bosch used against the Polish ship. Morales testified that Bosch had said he was sorry that the bomb he planted in a ship called the *Osaka Maru* went off in Tampa Bay, because "the thing that he wanted was for that ship to blow up outside in the middle of the sea because he was anxious to see all the Japs swimming and screaming 'Wee, wee, wee!' while the ship was sinking."

Bosch was sentenced to ten years in federal prison, but was freed on parole on November 1, 1972.

During his imprisonment, Bosch's wife had left him. His voice broke as he told me about it. "This fight cost me my family and my five kids. They love me and are very proud of their daddy, but I was in jail for five years when they really needed me. They were 13, 11, 10, 8 and 5. They grew up without me. You know how society is there, all the drugs and crime. I wasn't a very good husband."

Bosch has always lived simply, wearing a succession of old baggy suits, often staying at the slum houses of his supporters. "If I had stayed in Miami and practiced medicine I would have made many millions by now. But I could not do that while my country was in agony. I have paid very much for the struggle, very expensively, but that's the only way I know. Sometimes a man has a higher duty than to his children. Sometimes a man has a duty to his homeland. That's the duty I feel."

Soon after his release from prison, Bosch's sense of duty took an ominous new turn. Detente between the United States and Communist countries was chilling to the militant Cuban exiles. A new exile group formed—the National Front for the Liberation of Cuba, or FLNC, said to be modeled after the Palestinian terrorists. Soon an FLNC death list began to circulate around Little Havana, and then one exile leader on that list, Jose Elias de la Torriente, was assassinated. Ricardo Morales narrowly escaped death when a bomb exploded under the front seat of his car. The Miami homicide squad wanted to talk to Bosch, but he had disappeared.

A few months later, in a clandestine interview with the *Miami News*, Bosch praised the Torriente assassination as "a good lesson to the exile community, so that no one else will now come forth with phony theories to fool and rob the people." Nevertheless, he disclaimed direct responsibility, and said he had gone underground because he had coincidentally violated his parole by traveling to New Jersey around the time

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New York free-lance writer Blake Fleetwood last wrote for New Times *on mercury poisoning in Canada.*

of the assassination. But, he added, "I went underground to direct the internationalization of the war. I thought that the action people [terrorists] should get out of the U.S. and operate from different bases throughout Central and South America." In the next 18 months, four of the ten people on the FLNC list were killed, and a fifth had his legs blown off.

During that period, Bosch was traveling widely in the Caribbean. (Did he ever slip back into the U.S.? Bosch laughed. "If I have to go to the United States, I go.") His main goal was to forge alliances with friendly governments in Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Costa Rica and Venezuela—all countries with powerful Cuban exile communities.

Bosch claims that he made his first pact with the Venezuelan government in 1974. He had entered Venezuela from the Dominican Republic in June of that year, using a false Dominican passport in the name of Pedro Penya. "We set off a bomb in front of the Panamanian embassy in Caracas. We chose the 10th of October because that is the date the liberation of Cuba was announced in 1898. We did it because the Torrijos dictator [Panama's president] announced that he was going to Havana, and he did, and he kissed Castro. At the beginning the authorities blamed some Panamanian general who was in exile here. About two weeks later a Communist Cuban official was invited to speak at the Venezuelan-Cuban friendship club. I infiltrated into the audience and before the guy could speak the whole thing blew up. We had to do it. We didn't want to hurt anyone, but we just didn't want the guy to talk.

"I continued conspiring all that fall, raising money and planning bombings and other actions. But about the middle of November I was arrested by the DISIP [the Venezuelan secret political police]. They denied to the press that I was in the country or even under arrest. [The U.S. knew of Bosch's detention, but passed up the opportunity to extradite him.] Then I made my first formal agreement with the Venezuelan government. I dealt with Rivas Vasquez and Orlando Garcia [second and third in command of the DISIP].

"I promised that no more actions against Castro's friends would be taken in Caracas, and they promised me in the name of President Carlos Andres Perez that no high official of the Cuban regime would be allowed into Venezuela."

Bosch was then released. He flew to Curacao, where he met with Guillermo Novo and other Cuban exile leaders

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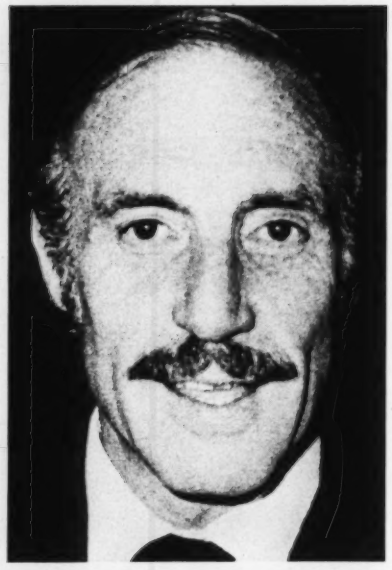
from the U.S. "From Curacao," he said, "Novo and I flew to Chile and made a lot of effort there." Bosch lived in Chile from December 1974 to December 1975, where he had another family with a Chilean woman. According to press reports, he lived as a guest of the government in a government apartment. "I passed several times from Chile to Argentina. We tried to shoot some Cuban diplomats in the middle of 1975 and we set off a bomb at the Mexican embassy in Buenos Aires. We made good contacts there with members of the triple-A party [a right-wing extremist group]. Because of the contacts we made down there, we set up the murder of two Cuban diplomats. That was part of the agreement I had with them. On August 9th last year, I had a call from our people down there. They said, 'You read the papers today?'" Bosch then made a slashing motion from one end of his throat to another. The two members of the Cuban embassy in Argentina who were kidnapped August 9 last year, and who have not been heard from since, apparently will not be heard from again.



Was Bosch involved? Orlando Letelier (top) was murdered in Washington, D.C. The bombing of a Cuban jet off Barbados killed 73; in bottom photo, rescue workers examine a body pulled from the water

"We have contacts with people like that all over Latin America and even in Europe. After doing everything that is possible in the South Cone [Chile, Argentina and Uruguay], we had three good actions [bombings or shootings]. It was not only the job that we did but also the image and relationships that we established while we were down there which was the main purpose."

Carlos Rivero Collade, a former Cuban exile leader who has returned to Cuba, has written that Bosch received special instruction in assassination and personal attacks during his year in Chile from the Chilean National Intelligence Department. "The purpose behind the training was to have Bosch assassinate Andres Pascal Allende, nephew of the slain Chilean president," he wrote.

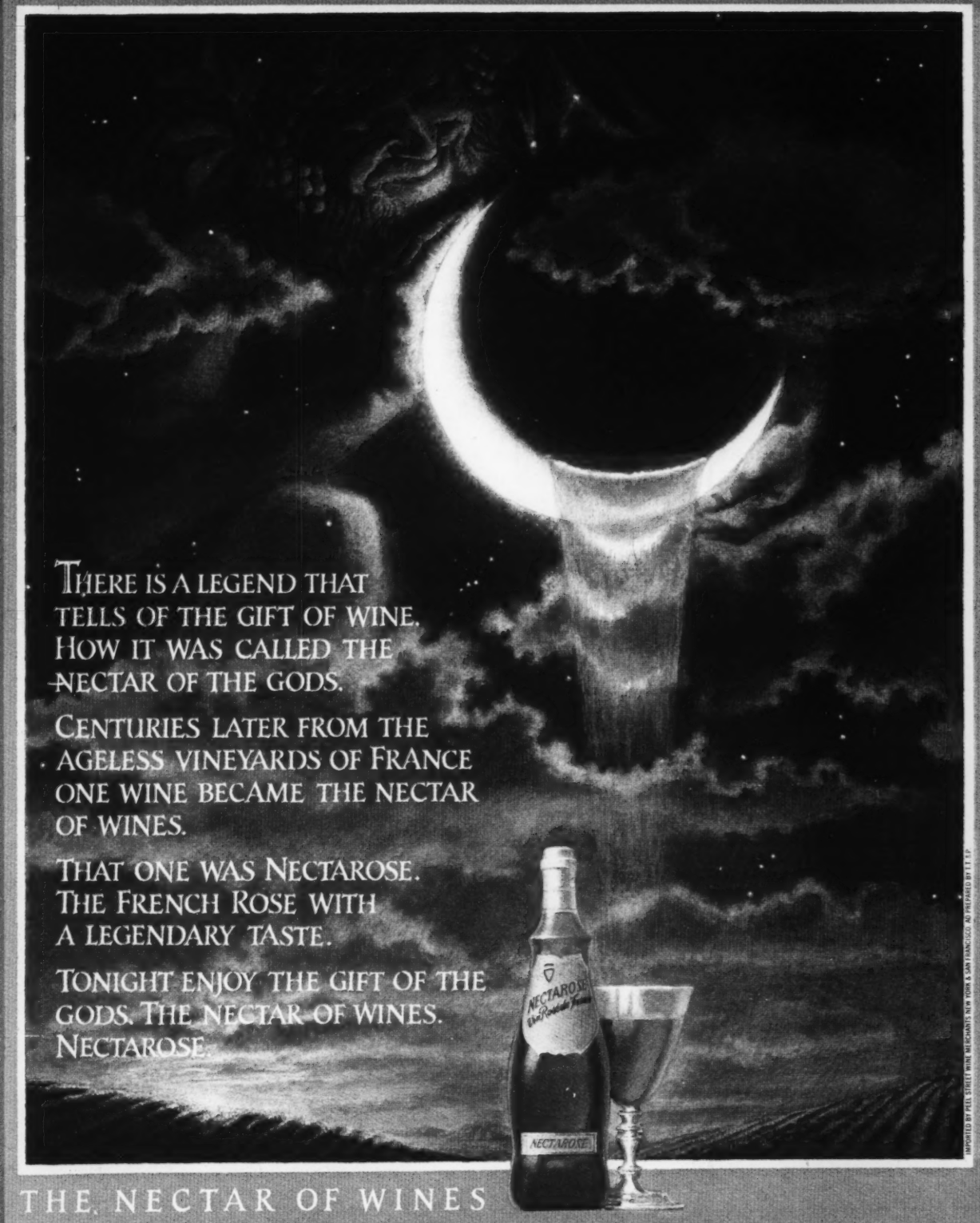
According to former Costa Rican Foreign Minister Gonzalo Facio, Bosch arrived in his country with the Andres Pascal assassination assignment given to him by the Chilean junta. Using a Chilean passport, a Chilean driver's license and other Chilean documents in the name of Hector D'Avanzo Cintolessi, Bosch entered the country from Nicaragua where, according to Facio, he had met with "close aides of President Anastasio Somoza." On the basis of intelligence reports Bosch was detained in Costa Rica and, while being held, according to Facio, "he told interrogators he intended to kill Secretary of State Kissinger, who was due to arrive here soon thereafter." Bosch admitted to me that he had been in Costa Rica, but would not acknowledge any role in the alleged assassination plots.

"After leaving Costa Rica I went to live in Santa Domingo until August of 1976. I had a number of good friends there and we planned many actions.

"The Dominican government let me stay in the country and organize actions. I wasn't going to church every day. We were conspiring there. Planning bombings and killings. . . People were coming in and going out. I was plotting with them. Secretly, of course."

Bosch's plotting culminated in a secret meeting of the top terrorist leaders of the hemisphere in the Dominican Republic. "The story of CORU [Coordination of the United Revolutionary Organizations] is true," he told me. "There was a meeting in the Bonao mountains of 20 men representing all different [Cuban exile] activist organizations. It was a meeting of all the military and political directors with revolutionary implications. It was a great meeting. Everything was planned there."

The top men from Alpha 66 (New Jersey), Abdalah (a New York-based youth group), the 2506 Brigade (veterans of the Bay of Pigs invasion), FLNC, F 14 (New York City) and Accion Cubana (a group Bosch headed) met for two days in the Bonao mountains in early June, 1976. They decided to band together under an umbrella organization, CORU, with Bosch as the only identified spokesman and leader.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"At last we had all the Cuban revolutionary fighters and leaders together, after 17 years. We decided to upscale the action after that. We wanted to beat the guy [Castro] or at least make his life impossible. I told them that we couldn't just keep bombing an embassy here and a police station there. We had to start taking more serious actions—hijacking." (According to a Cuban exile newspaper, one of the resolutions that came out of that meeting was a vow "to begin attacking Castro's planes in the air.")

'I accepted the leadership of CORU because I wanted to set everything up on an organized basis. We were tired of being frustrated and not accomplishing everything that we wanted to do." Bosch brought the other leaders up-to-date on the kind of help they could expect in Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and Chile. Then the group dispersed. In the 11 months since that meeting, Bosch boasts, CORU has been responsible for over 50 bombings in Miami, New York, Venezuela, Panama, Mexico and Argentina. (Bosch refused to admit any personal involvement in bombings within the United States; police sources say the leaders had agreed not to take credit for actions within the U.S. because the FBI was putting too much heat on them.)

After the Bonao meeting the Dominican government called Bosch in and told him he was "too hot" and would have to leave the country.

"I told them how cowardly they were and how scared of Castro they had become, but to no avail. I went back to Costa Rica, and Oduber [the president], to make up for the damage they had done when they arrested me [for the alleged Kissinger assassination plot], gave me three passports. One from Peru and two others from Costa Rica. Then I went back to Nicaragua,where I began getting phone calls from Orlando Garcia [security adviser to Venezuelan President Perez and a top officer in the DISIP]. Garcia told me that he had been jogging with the president—he exercises with the president every day—and that Perez had told him to invite me to Venezuela to make a deal. I didn't pay any attention, but after he called me three times and sent me a visa, I came.

"At the airport I was met by Garcia and Ricardo Morales [the man whose testimony had sent Bosch to jail, and who had by that time become a high official in the DISIP]. They took me to a luxurious government apartment in the Anauco Hilton and we made a deal. I agreed that there would not be any actions in Venezuela, Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic. In exchange they would let me live in Venezuela under an assumed name and organize other terrorists' actions elsewhere. They wanted me to include Panama and Guyana.

"I said emphatically, no. I agreed to include Costa Rica, but I didn't want to include Panama because it is a [leftist] dictatorship. And I didn't want to include Guyana. We had already attacked Guyana. The CORU already blew up the Guyana embassy in Trinidad.

"Finally they said, 'All right. We'll just include the three countries. You can do what you want in all the others.' They offered me use of weapons, but I refused, saying that we already had all that we could use. They offered me bodyguards from the DISIP [the secret police], but I didn't need those either. They gave me an identification card from the DISIP which I took—I think it was in the name of Sucre. I was always traveling around the countryside with a great many bodyguards and lots of weapons. If I got stopped, I would just show my secret-police card and I wouldn't have any problems."

Bosch's secret pact with Venezuela "was going perfectly well. In fact, I was supposed to meet with President Perez on October 10, but then the plane blew up on the 6th and all the trouble started"

So Bosch had found in Venezuela a seemingly secure base for his terrorist activities. Then, within a two-week period last fall, two terrorist incidents put the Cuban exiles on the front pages—and landed Bosch in jail. The first was the September 21 assassination in Washington, D.C., of Chilean exile leader Orlando Letelier, whose car blew up as he drove past the Chilean embassy in Sheridan Circle. Cuban exiles were immediately suspected of carrying out the crime as hit men for the Chilean junta.

The second was the October 6 explosion in flight of a Cuban airline jet shortly after takeoff from Barbados. All 73 persons aboard were killed. The next day, two Cuban exiles, Hernan Ricardo and Freddy Lugo, were arrested in Trinidad. According to secret court documents obtained by *New Times*, they confessed to planting a bomb in the plane—and implicated Orlando Bosch [see the box on page 52].

Up till that point, Bosch told me, "the pact [with Venezuela] was going perfectly well. In fact, I was supposed to meet with President Perez on October 10, but then the plane blew up on the 6th and all the trouble started. I had a lot of conversations with Garcia. He lived in the Anauco Hilton also. I asked him what should I do and he said, 'Nothing is going to happen, just stay quiet. Don't worry, everything is going to be nice.'

"Then one day he calls me up and says, 'The president wants you to stay here [at the police headquarters]. No problem. You'll be safe.' But I have been under 'protective custody' for seven months now, and the president has said on television that I was a member of the CIA and trying to destabilize his government."

Bosch claims that Orlando Garcia has told him to "sit tight, everything will be all right. We will let you go as soon as the publicity blows over." But Bosch is not sure he believes him, and is getting very impatient. He spoke to me with extreme bitterness about "the betrayal of the Cuban people" by the Venezuelans who had so recently befriended him. He is even willing to entertain charges that Venezuela set him up from the day he was invited to live there. Could his old archenemy Morales have cleverly gotten even in this way?

"Some of my friends said that they called me back deliberately to betray me. I don't know. It is possible."

In any case, Bosch has decided to resume the offensive. "When I was brought to the court the last time, reporters crowded around me, but I didn't say anything. They asked me if I had a DISIP card. I denied it, but I can't keep quiet anymore.

"We're pushed up against the wall by [President] Perez. We're going to accuse him of betraying us. A traitor to democracy, a traitor to the Cubans, and also a traitor to the American cause. I am going to declare war on the Venezuelan government in the name of the Cuban cause. I don't care that I am sitting in jail. Perez is a traitor. He was making a pact with Castro at the same time that he was making a pact with us.

"If they want to put me on trial, they will also have to accuse the minister of the interior, the DISIP director and the president. These people conspired with me. They should be put in jail as well.

"Did you see the Viasa [Venezuelan Airline] office blown up in Puerto Rico yesterday? My Cubans blew it up, but nobody is going to take credit for it.

"The bus has left with the dogs": How they blew up the Cuban plane

The following account of the bombing of the Cubana Airline jet is based on secret Venezuelan court documents. Most of the information comes from the confessions, since repudiated, of the men charged with the crime.

Hernan Ricardo, 22, had been working at the private detective office of Luis Posada in Caracas for about a year when, on September 10, 1976, Posada introduced him to a "Mr. Panyagua." Posada assigned Ricardo to help "Mr. Panyagua" get around, as he was a stranger in the country. After a few days of helping "Mr. Panyagua," Ricardo realized that he was really Orlando Bosch, "the maximum leader of the Cuban people."

On the night of October 5, Ricardo, Bosch and Freddy Lugo, 25, met at a Cuban exile meeting. At midnight that same day, Ricardo and Lugo flew to Trinidad aboard a Pan American flight. They stayed overnight and the next morning inquired about Cubana Airline flight 455, stopping in Barbados en route to Cuba. The clerk told them that the Cuban plane had been delayed, but that there was another flight to Barbados leaving immediately. Ricardo protested, but had trouble getting his message across since his English was not very good.

Standing behind Ricardo in line were a few members of Cuba's championship fencing team, who were returning home after an international tour. One of the fencers, also booked on Cubana flight 455, translated for Ricardo. "He says that he doesn't want to go on an earlier flight. He only wants to travel on Cubana 455 and he's willing to wait until it's ready to go."

Lugo and Ricardo each checked a bag, and Lugo carried with him a dark alligator shoulder bag with two cameras and a tube of Colgate toothpaste in it. With 16 Cuban fencers, 6 medical students from South America, 5 Koreans and 45 other, mostly Cuban, passengers and crew, Lugo and Ricardo finally got on the plane. About half-way through the 20-minute flight, Ricardo got up to go to the bathroom to plant the explosive. The bomb made a big bulge in Ricardo's pocket and he was very nervous.

It took only a few minutes in the toilet, but then Ricardo found he couldn't get out. He panicked and started banging on the door. The stewardess tried to open the door from the outside, but she couldn't. She called one of the pilots from the cockpit who kicked at it three times with his foot. Finally the door opened and Ricardo stumbled out. By the time he got back to his seat he was drenched in sweat and appeared very nervous. For the rest of the flight Ricardo held a newspaper in front of his face.

They got off the plane in Barbados, collected their luggage, and made their way to the Hotel Village. At one point in the cab ride Ricardo told the driver to stop, jumped out and looked up at a passing plane. He was very agitated and nervous.

Lugo described the scene ten minutes later as follows. "The people in the streets were very agitated and pointing up to the sky, saying that a plane had fallen. Ricardo said that we were in big trouble because we had traveled on false passports. At the hotel Ricardo told me to take the bags up to the room while he registered in a false name. He said he was calling Venezuela for advice."

He had difficulty getting through. One call that he did get through was to his girlfriend, Marines Vegas. She testified that he gave her a number and told her to get the following message to Luis or Gustavo:

"Tell them I am in a desperate situation and that they should send someone quick. That this is a question of life or death and that 'the bus has left with the dogs.' Tell them that I threw away the phone numbers."

Ricardo got a phone call back from Caracas during which Lugo quotes him as saying, "What's happening, Luis? I have a lot of problems. I don't know what to do. The bug has fallen into the water. Tell this to Panyagua [Bosch]."

Just as he put down the phone Ricardo saw someone staring at him and ran up to the room in a panic. Lugo says Ricardo told him, "Let's get out of here right away. The man who stared at me in the lobby is a G-2 [agent of Castro's secret police]."

"We took a cab to the docks," Lugo said, "and Ricardo threw something in the water. Then he said, 'We should get the first plane out of here, no matter where.'"

They caught a plane to Trinidad, leaving their bags in the hotel room in Barbados. On the plane Ricardo buried his head in his hands and said to Lugo, "Shit, Lugo! I'm desperate and I feel like crying. I have never killed anyone before."

At the Holiday Inn in Trinidad, Ricardo called Bosch, who told him, "Friend, we have to see each other in Caracas. You never should explode a bomb while a plane is in the air."

Meanwhile, the Barbados cab driver, struck by Ricardo's erratic behavior, had contacted the police. They tracked Ricardo and Lugo to Trinidad. In their hotel room the police found two phone books containing many different addresses, including those of Orlando Bosch, Luis Posada and Joseph Leo, an FBI legal attache in the United States embassy in Caracas.

The Trinidad police separated Lugo and Ricardo and during the questioning that followed over the next few days—the police threatened to send them back to Cuba unless they talked—they both confessed. Ricardo told Police Chief Denis Elliott Randwar that he had planted the bomb on the airplane. He also said, "I am a member of a secret organization, the CORU or CONDOR, and the chief of this organization is Orlando Bosch." Ricardo added that he "was a CIA agent of the grade B-1" and that he had been recruited in 1971. He said that he had received training in the manufacturing of bombs, the handling of firearms and photography by the CIA.

Before a number of Trinidad policemen he drew a picture of the bomb and described the plastic explosive that had been used. He said he kept the "pencil" detonator in the tube of Colgate toothpaste. Different colored chemical pencils could trigger an explosion in 8 minutes, 45 minutes, 2 hours, 8 hours or 24 hours, he said. He said he had been paid $25,000 to plant the bomb.

On October 20, after signing his confessions, Ricardo tried to kill himself by slashing his wrist with a razor, but he was taken to the hospital and survived.

At funeral services for those killed on the plane, Fidel Castro charged that the CIA was directly responsible for the bombing. As a result, he terminated the hijacking agreement Cuba had signed with the United States.

This is just a message. There will be a couple of messages more."

I asked him if there was going to be a kidnapping attempt against Venezuelan diplomats. (An FBI informant reported a plan to kidnap the Venezuelan ambassador to the United Nations in March. The ambassador was informed and surrounded with extra security.) Bosch replied: "There are going to be a lot of things after I declare war. This is going to be a tremendous risk for me because I'll still be in jail. After the war declaration there are going to be a lot of bombings, a lot of kidnappings, a lot of shootings. We have to attack everything except their planes in the air. Their offices on land, yes."

And what about the spectacular crimes that put the Cuban exiles in the spotlight?

Cuban government officials have told recent American visitors that Orlando Bosch was enlisted and paid by the Chilean junta to carry out the Letelier assassination. Bosch, they claim, par-

Bosch concedes that the Cuban exiles discussed Orlando Letelier. "Chilean officials told me many times when I lived there that they wanted him dead"

celed out the money to other members of CORU who actually blew up Letelier. Bosch concedes that the Cuban exiles "discussed Orlando Letelier at [the Bonao] meeting, and the fact that [Letelier's] campaign [to discredit the junta abroad] was bothering some of our friends in Chile. Chilean officials told me many times when I lived there that they wanted him dead." But Bosch denied knowing anything about the Letelier assassination. "Even if I did know," he added, "I wouldn't tell anyone. I'm not a stool pigeon or an informer."

According to a confidential intelligence report obtained by *New Times*, however, Bosch was not so reticent about the Letelier case when questioned by Venezuelan authorities shortly after his arrest. The report states that Bosch told Rivas Vasquez, second in command of DISIP, that, while he had nothing to do with the Letelier assassination, "the Novo brothers are directly involved."

Guillermo and Ignacio Novo are among the most militant and activist Cuban exile leaders in the United States. They were arrested in 1964 for firing a bazooka at the United Nations while Che Guevara was speaking there, but charges were dropped because they were not read their rights before they confessed. Guillermo Novo (or Bill, as he is known at the Chevrolet dealership in Union City, New Jersey, where he is a new-car sales manager) was sentenced to five years in jail in 1971 for possession of explosives. He served six months, and was given probation for five years. Under the terms of his parole he was not allowed to leave New Jersey. But Bosch told me of two foreign trips Bill Novo took—the first to Curacao and Chile, the second to Bonao. Bill Novo could be sent back to jail for these trips in violation of parole—which he denies making.

Bosch's story to Vasquez about the Novos' involvement in the Letelier murder correlated with a story that had been told to authorities by an FBI informant in Washington. (Contrary to reports in most American papers, no U.S. official has been allowed by the Venezuelan government to see Bosch.) On the basis of these two leads Eugene Propper, the Assistant U.S. Attorney in charge of the Letelier investigation, has called about ten Cuban exile leaders before a Washington grand jury. Bill Novo was called before the Letelier grand jury twice, and twice took the Fifth Amendment. The government has now begun offering limited immunity to some of the other Cuban exiles, hoping to force them to talk. Recently a friend of Bill Novo's was jailed after refusing to testify before the grand jury about Novo's travels to Curacao.

As for Bosch, his future is unclear. Venezuelan legal experts say the likelihood of convicting him in the airplane explosion case is not great. Ricardo and Lugo, the chief potential witnesses against him, have repudiated their confessions after being deported to Venezuela from Trinidad. In any case, confessions made in Trinidad are not admissible in Venezuelan courtrooms. The government has tapes of Ricardo's telephone calls to Venezuela, but these, too, are inadmissible, since they were not obtained legally. It is thus entirely possible that Bosch will be released.

If that happens, he will surely slip again into the violent, murky world where desperate men are alternately used and betrayed by the secret agencies of governments. It is a far cry from the life of a prosperous pediatrician, a family man, a pillar of his community. But "some of us," as he told me, "have other roles to play." ●

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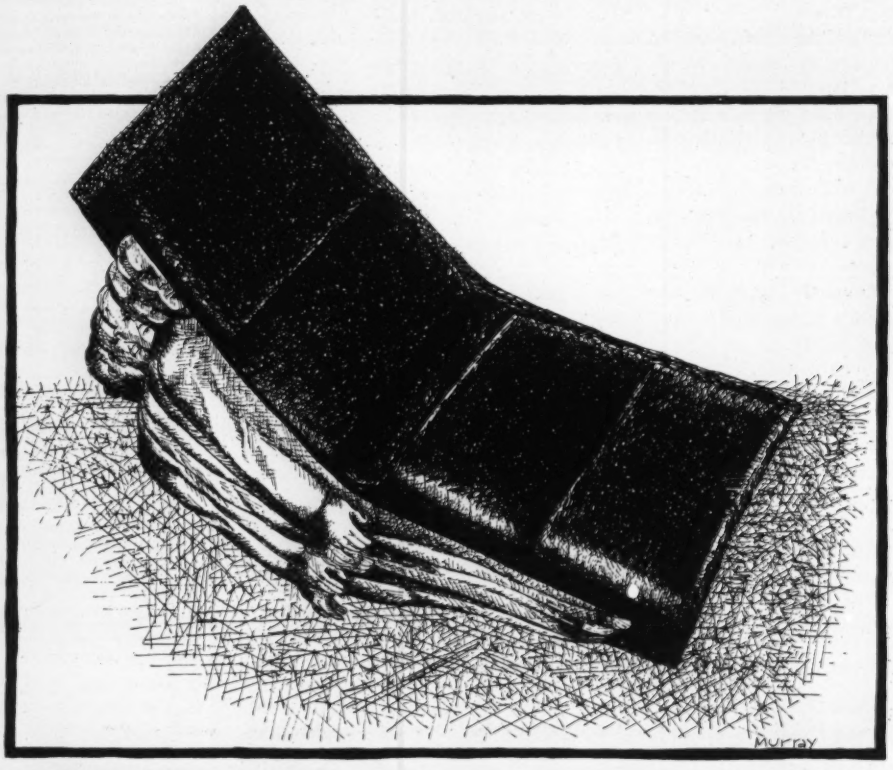

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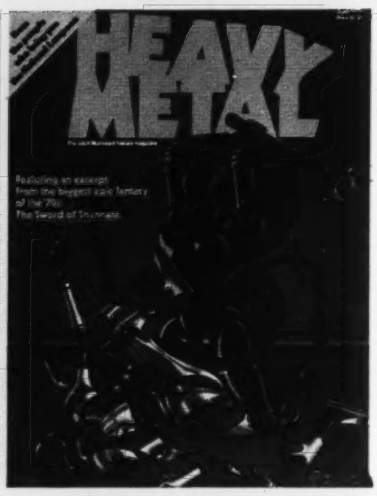
TREES DIED FOR THESE

By Paul Slansky and Jerry Lazar

Life. Time. Look. Their very titles promised a vision bound only by the limits of imagination and the universe. But the spirit of the seventies is narrower, and so are the magazines. A quick glimpse at a newsstand shows that the magazine business is suffering an acute case of myopia just now, and is honing in on the special interests of relatively small groups of people. The focus may be on hobbies (*Glider Rider* for hang gliders; *ROM* for computer buffs), occupations (*Soldier of Fortune*), ideology (the feminist *Chrysalis*) or ethnicity (*I AM* and *Identity* for Italian Americans; *Nuestro* for English-speaking Latinos). It almost doesn't matter, as long as the group is defined and the reader can satisfy his desire for an identity to separate him from the masses. The market is crowded. According to Marjorie McManus, managing editor of *Folio* (the magazine magazine), over 600 periodicals have been born in the past two years. You've probably already heard of the ones that appeal to broad interest groups and so have large circulations—*Nuestro* (150,000), *Working Woman* (190,000), *Soap Opera Digest* (700,000). But there are literally scores of other, smaller magazines that never find their way to most newsstands. In light of this, *New Times* has prepared a representative list aimed at specific (albeit, occasionally bizarre) audiences. So put on your reading specs, pull up your easy chair and see what you can find. And, if you don't happen to find any that suit your particular interests, never worry: a new magazine has come out that will cover everyone's favorite subject: *You.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL FREEDMAN



Heavy Metal, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine, is brought to you by those wonderful folks from the *National Lampoon.* It is an anglicized bastardization of France's acclaimed *Metal Hurlant* (Screaming Metal)—a sophisticated comic book for grown-ups who are too embarrassed to buy *Captain Marvel.* In addition to the comics, each issue contains a short story. If you attend Star Trek conventions, this one is for you. *Monthly, $10 a year: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022*

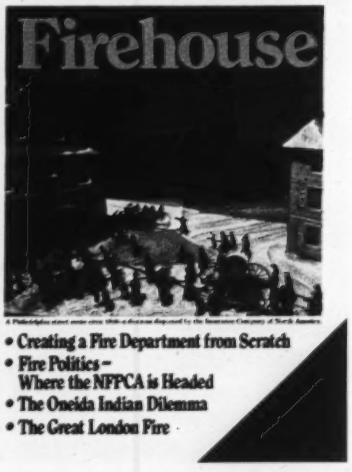
"It just dawned on me," says 28-year-old editor/publisher Charlotte Faye Greenberg. "**Head** magazine, what a great idea, why hasn't someone done this yet?" (Someone had, and he'd called it *High Times,* but Greenberg didn't know this then.) "I'm paying my dues," says Greenberg, who didn't even try grass until her college

head
San Isidro: King Of Psilocybin
Growing Dynamite Pot Outdoors
Twenty Best Stoned Flicks
Introducing Joynt: The Magazine For The Captive Audience
How To Make Acid At Home
All About Mescoline
Frankenweed: California's New Superdope
Plus: Dope Prices, News, Reviews And Much Much More...
SPECIAL Hallucinogen Issue

Jerry Lazar plans to publish Lazar's Monthly; *Paul Slansky knows better.*

days at Yeshiva University. "I made a pilgrimage to San Francisco recently to find out where it all started. I'm not encouraging anyone to use drugs, but if people are going to do it I think they should know what they're getting." Thus, features like "How to Tell What Your Coke Has Been Cut With." "You'd be surprised," Greenberg says, "at some of the people who are buying it—I've seen 38-year-old men buying *Head.*" One wonders if they totally understood the magazine's title. *Bimonthly, $20 for 12 issues: PO Box 4560, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017*

"We firefighters are simply not like other people," says **Firehouse** editor Dennis Smith, a New York fireman and author of *Report From Engine Co. 82.* His magazine, which appeals to fire


Firehouse
• Creating a Fire Department from Scratch
• Fire Politics – Where the NFPCA is Headed
• The Oneida Indian Dilemma
• The Great London Fire

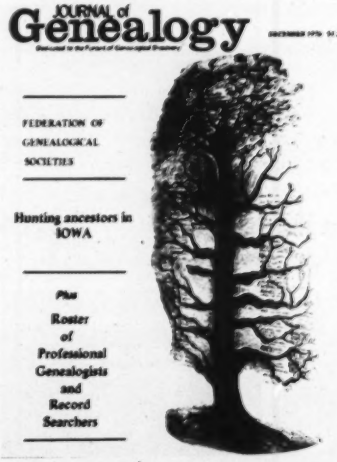
buffs as well as firefighters, has run such features as a pictorial history of American fire helmets and an account of "North America's Most Deadly Fire." (No, it wasn't the one started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow, though it occurred on exactly the same day.) With circulation expected to top 100,000 by the fall, can *Precinct* or *Manhole* be far behind? *Monthly, $9.60 a year: Box 3200, Greenwich, CT 06830*

Children's Express debuted last summer when 14 youngsters covered the political conventions. The young reporters asked questions with a disarming directness undreamt of by their older confreres (to Rockefeller: "Why are you supporting Ford after he just dumped you?"), and scooped the rest of the media with the story of Mondale's selection. In short, the kids were the freshest thing about two stale affairs. All writing for the *Express* is done by people aged 13 or under, al-

Children's Express
Jodie: Oscar Bound?
Woodward and Bernstein: Representative of the Century
The Man Behind Spiderman Wears A Power Suit

though a staff of older kids and adults assists in putting the magazine together. Publisher Robert Clampitt, age 50, says that kids may start reading the magazine at ages nine or ten, "but we're aiming for an adult audience as well. Kids discuss certain things among themselves that they won't tell their parents, and this is the place to find out about them." There are no sacred cows for these young writers (to Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein: "How do you feel knowing that the biggest story you probably will ever do is over?"). Nor is there any hesitation at profiling powerful subjects (an interview with President Carter is coming up). *Monthly, $6 a year: 257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010*

"Genealogy is the coming thing!" enthuses Robert D. Anderson, editor/publisher of the **Journal of Genealogy.** "I figured that with the Bicentennial and Alex Haley's book, someone would probably do this, so why not me? Anderson can trace his own roots back 150 years, but the ancestry of his great-great-great grandfather, Noah



The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.

Regular, Menthol, and new Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

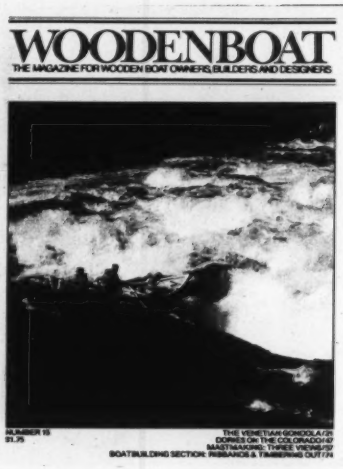
FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Thayer, has thus far eluded him. Topics unearthed by his magazine include discrimination against roots-hunters (whom librarians apparently consider pains in the ass) and tips for beginners ("Don't be surprised if, as you are interviewing Aunt Bessie, her flow of memories abruptly stops when you ask about a certain ancestor. That's a sure sign that you've found a family 'black sheep.'"). The ideal gift for the friend who named his first-born son Kunta. *Monthly, $12 a year: Anderson Publishing Company, 150 South 38th Street, Omaha, NB 68131*

"We like to think that we're, like, the seventies," says **Punk** staffer Tom Katz. *Punk* wallows in fifties leftovers of leather jackets and greased hair, and passes on the latest word on the punk rock scene. But Katz—who hadn't even started school when Elvis

first sang "You Ain't Nothin' but a Hound Dog"—maintains there is more, much more to the magazine and that it may yet expand its audience beyond the CBGB crowd: "We could be *Mad* magazine—if we wanted to." *Monthly, $8 a year: PO Box 675, New York, NY 10009*

When the first issue of **Woodenboat** came out in late 1974, with one page of paid advertising, two subscribers and an absurdly large press run of 12,000 copies, it was expected to sink without a trace. After all, over 99 percent of all sailboats made that year were fiberglass. Undaunted, editor Jonathan Wilson hawked his magazine at boat shows around the country. "I had absolutely no experience in publishing, not even on my high school yearbook," says Wilson, who built small boats for a living before starting *Woodenboat*. (This seems to be a traditional career

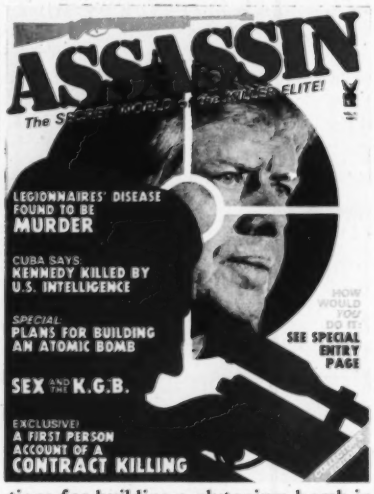


pattern at the magazine: before becoming advertising manager, John Hanson was building dories for lobstermen.) Today, the handsome magazine, which covers stories like the history of the Blue Jay (boat, not bird) and various ways of making masts, has a circulation of 20,000. *Bimonthly, $9 a year: Box 611, RR 36, Penacook, NH 03301*

"Bathing is the closest a human being comes to a kind of communion with water," says Leonard Koren, publisher of **Wet,** the magazine of gourmet bathing. "It's a very sacred rite. In many ways the magazine is a kind of religious experience for me." And for precious few others: compared to even the most esoteric special interest publications, *Wet*'s audience of 2,000 readers is a mere drop in the bucket. "The readers have an interesting sense of humor and are very sophisticated in an art sense," says Koren. "I really can't define the sensibility more precisely." Although articles such as "No Onions" (an examination of various agents of halitosis), "Toothpaste Ratings" ("Ul-

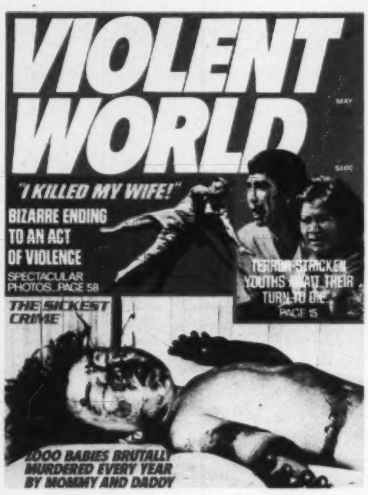
tra-Brite: It's thick and white and it does not have a very poetic way of leaving the tube") and "Mud Mama" (a discourse on the art of mud bathing) have appeared, the magazine's chief appeal is undoubtedly its countless photos of nudes in bathtubs. *Bimonthly, $6 a year: 200A Westminster, Venice, CA 90291*

Assassin magazine "is founded on a panel of anonymous contributing editors who are some of the world's highest paid assassins," says editor/publisher David Kornblum. "The magazine's contributing editors make its news." Kornblum, who alludes mysteriously to "certain things in my background" that led him to create *Assassin*, considers it inconceivable for Jimmy Carter to survive two terms in office. Nonetheless, he concedes that the cover of the first issue (Carter in the crosshairs of a rifle) is "a bit dramatic." Features include instruc-


ASSASSIN
LEGIONNAIRES' DISEASE FOUND TO BE MURDER
CUBA SAYS KENNEDY KILLED BY U.S. INTELLIGENCE
SPECIAL: PLANS FOR BUILDING AN ATOMIC BOMB
SEX AND THE K.G.B.
EXCLUSIVE! A FIRST PERSON ACCOUNT OF A CONTRACT KILLING
SEE SPECIAL ENTRY PAGE

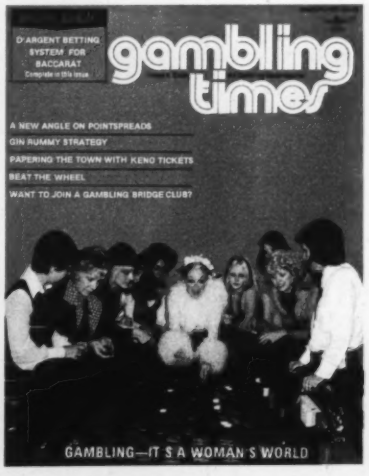
tions for building a plutonium bomb in your bathroom, a first-person account of contract killing ("Blood spurted once then twice from his chest as I shot again") and a description of the latest thing for bumping off those pesky heads-of-state—a laser. Not surprisingly, the magazine is not always on target with its facts: a presidential assassination chart lists incorrect dates for the JFK murder and the FDR attempt. *Quarterly, $5 a year: PO Box 233, Rouses Point, NY 12979*

"America's Baby Massacre." "Rioting Youths Go on a Savage Kill Spree." "I Ate Human Flesh." **Violent World** has arrived to fill the void left by the *National Enquirer* when it graduated from gore to Jackie Onassis and UFOs. Editor Jesse Leaf, who claims to be a former CIA political analyst, is

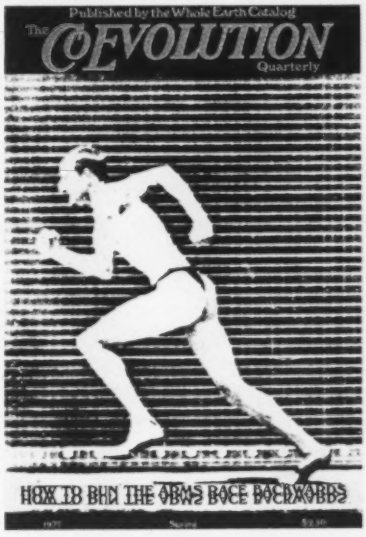

VIOLENT WORLD
MAY
"I KILLED MY WIFE!"
BIZARRE ENDING TO AN ACT OF VIOLENCE
SPECTACULAR PHOTOS...PAGE 58
TERROR-STRICKEN YOUTHS WAIT THEIR TURN TO DIE
PAGE 15
THE SICKEST CRIME
2000 BABIES BRUTALLY MURDERED EVERY YEAR BY MOMMY AND DADDY

not surprised at the first issue's brisk sales (a printing of 300,000 was virtually sold out). As for the *Enquirer*, Leaf sniffs, "our range is broader, our writing is better and our graphics are grosser." Literary merit aside, publisher Jules Warshaw sees his magazine as a positive boon to society: "I think a magazine like this will turn people off of violence." Coming up: "Hostage Fever Sweeps America," "Kids on Death Row," "One Million Battered, Knifed, Beaten, Chained, Whipped, Shot, Punched, Imprisoned, Burned, Stabbed, Choked, Stomped Wives a Year." *Monthly, $12 a year: 208 E. 43rd Street, New York, NY 10017*

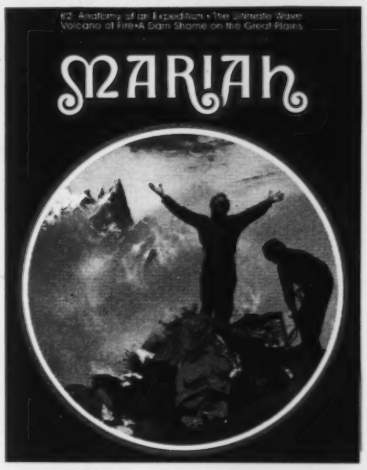
"This magazine is going to help you become a more knowledgeable bettor," declares editor Len Miller in the inaugural editorial of **Gambling Times.** "You are going to lose less, and win more!" Miller's bet, at least, is paying off: subscriptions are coming in at better than 1,000 a week, and the first issue has sold out on the newsstands. "We foresaw that gambling would become legal in many states," Miller says. "That meant that there was an 88-million-customer industry without a single national magazine." Features offer hot tips on such esoteric subjects as "How to Psyche Out a Hot Dice Table" ("The secret lies in knowing how to project your thoughts . . . think and image the number you want"), "Be a Gin Rummy Champion" ("Stop rival from winning") and "Winning—How to Make It Your Lifestyle" ("A small gain followed by a large loss is not winning"). Odds, nevertheless, still seem to be safely with the house. *Monthly, $24 a year: 839 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90038*


D'ARGENT BETTING SYSTEM FOR BACCARAT
gambling times
A NEW ANGLE ON POINTSPREADS
GIN RUMMY STRATEGY
PAPERING THE TOWN WITH KENO TICKETS
BEAT THE WHEEL
WANT TO JOIN A GAMBLING BRIDGE CLUB?
GAMBLING—IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

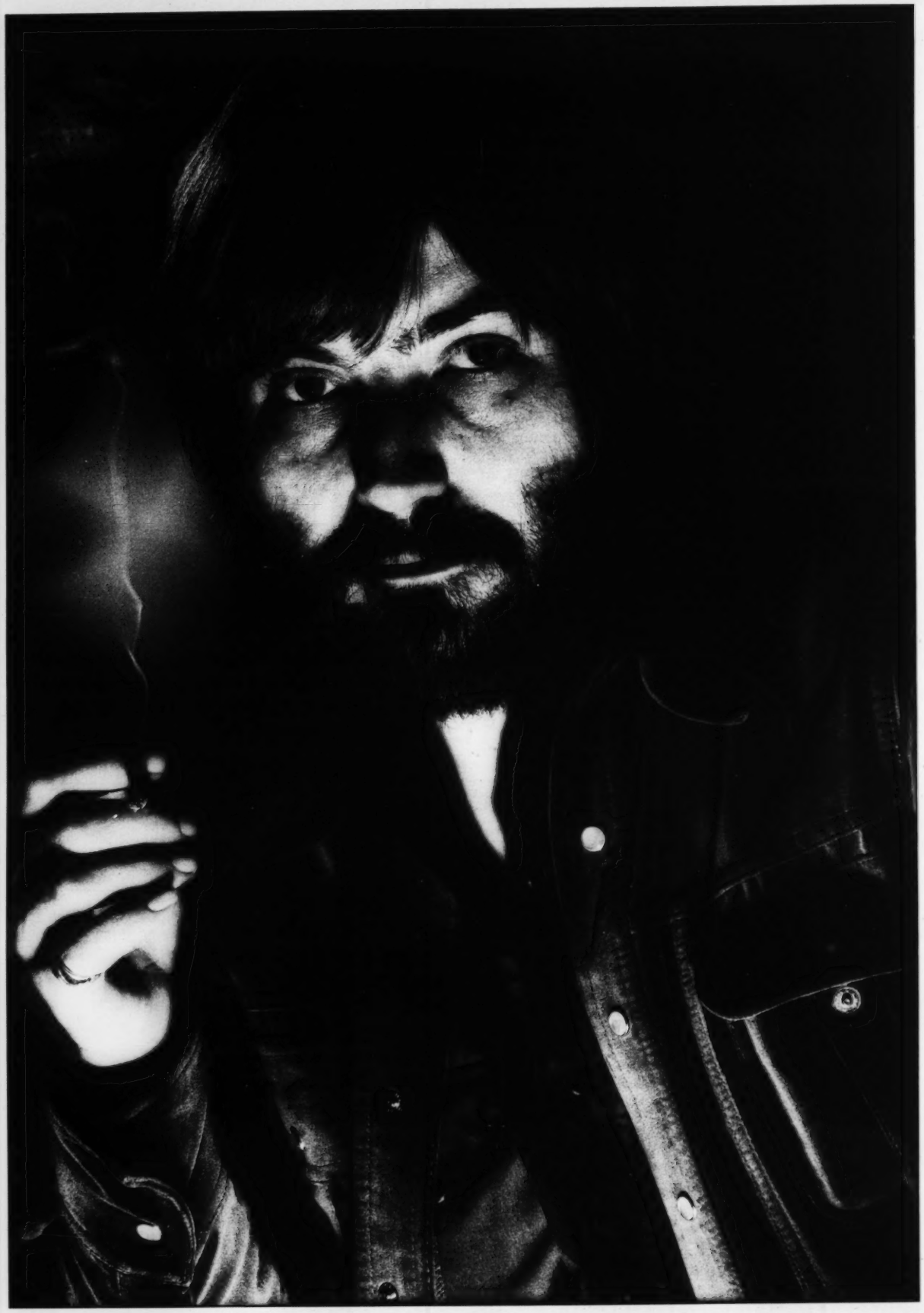
If you miss the updates of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, then **The Co-Evolution Quarterly** is probably for you. Editor Stewart Brand denies, however, that the magazine is merely an extension of his catalogs. "It's much more self-indulgent than that," he explains. "It's a place to print anything we damn please. I don't think there's anything that the magazine couldn't, one way or another, be bent to accommodate." In its present incarnation, *CQ* is a blend of art, politics, science and humor, with a decidedly counterculture sensibility. Coming up: "There Ain't No Graceful Way," an article by former astronaut Rusty Schweickart on using the toilet in outer space at zero Gs. *Quarterly, $8 a year: PO Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965*



Mariah is for readers who want to do more on their vacations than pop beads at Club Med. "Our intent," says editor/publisher Lawrence J. Burke, "is to unite the reader with today's modern pioneers, explorers and adventurers." How? By telling the reader how he, or she, too, can go rafting down Ethiopia's Omo River, or climbing Uganda's Mountains of the Moon. Things like that. *Quarterly, $8 a year: PO Box 2690, Boulder, CO 80302*



Seriatim carries the regional magazine craze to its illogical limits—it reports on the goings on in Ecotopia, the mythical country profiled in Ernest Callenbach's book by the same name. (The area, to those uninitiated few, covers what most of us know as Oregon, Washington and northern California.) The magazine focuses on various environmental and societal changes taking place; the latest issue tells how to build an umbra-cone (a structure somewhat akin to a wooden teepee), and invites the reader to ponder a different lifestyle altogether ("Imagine You Are a Dolphin"). Though the magazine is still solidly in the red, managing editor Bruce Brody predicts that "By the end of 1977, we'll finally be able to get paid." *Quarterly, $9 a year ($12 if you are unfortunate enough to live outside of Ecotopia): PO Box 117, McMinnville, OR 97128*●



MEET TOBE HOOPER, AMERICA'S FIRST SERIOUS HORROR FILM DIRECTOR

LEARNING TO LOVE "THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE"

BY CHARLIE HAAS

I'm in a screening room at Universal Studios for a private showing of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, a kind of *Birth of a Nation* of modern horror movies. I have psyched up for this the way I psych up for trips to the dentist, which is to say badly. I hate scary movies. I am squeamish and credulous. I have taken every possible palliative measure—sleeping plenty, eating nothing, even wearing my San Diego Zoo souvenir sweatshirt with the koala on the front as a talisman of wholesomeness, and oh shit, the creepy hippie with the nauseating purple scar like the mark of Cain on his face has jammed the bleeding finger of the poor blond girl into the mouth of a decayed little corpse and now the moldy thing is coming to life, sucking the blood from her finger and waving its arms around like a feeding baby while the blond screams and screams and screams . . .

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre was made in 1974, using six weeks' production time, a cast of unknown Texas-based actors, a budget of about $300,000, and part or all of eight cows, a cat, two deer, three goats, two dogs, two human skeletons, one chicken and one armadillo.

Most reviewers did not look favorably on the film: it relentlessly detailed people being tortured, sawed to pieces, impaled on meathooks and turned into sausage. Most of the notices took the tone of the one in the *Los Angeles Times*, which called *Chain Saw* "despicable . . . ugly and obscene . . . a degrading, senseless misuse of film and time."

But, gradually, as *The Night of the Living Dead* did, the picture acquired influential fans. Rex Reed wrote an early favorable review. Michael Goodwin praised *Chain Saw* in *Take One* and the *Village Voice*. In Hollywood and New York high-powered film aesthetes began using it as cocktail party grist, and even the Bankability crowd acknowledged two indisputable facts: for a low-budget horror movie, it had exceptional visual style, performances, humor and special effects; and *it was absolutely terrifying.*

It became known as a classic that not everyone could sit through: "*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* captures nightmare syntax in a way no other movie does," said Goodwin. "We see movies the same way we see dreams. Films like *The Manchurian Candidate* capture nightmare syntax, but stop at the point where you'd wake up because it's too frightening to go on dreaming. *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* keeps going past that point, which is something films can do and dreams can't. That's an aesthetic experience no one's achieved before."

Critical response may have been divided; commercial response wasn't. Two and a half years after its release, *Chain Saw* continues to run successfully at theaters around the world. Complex rental and distribution arrangements make it impossible to arrive at an exact figure, but the movie has grossed between $30 million and $50 million worldwide—an unheard of cost-to-earnings ratio.

One is tempted to read all kinds of social portents into the massive popularity of a film which, as one critic said, "reduces human identity literally to meat . . . a nihilistic exercise in the expression of human failure and insignificance," so perhaps the place to start is with one's own reaction.

But my reaction mystified me. I was scared and sickened while *Chain Saw* was on the screen, but for some reason, five minutes after it ended, I had an inexplicable but unshakable impression of having seen something . . . *pretty.* Lyrical. I knew even before I left the screening room that there would be no nightmares, no nervousness during my evening walk. When I reached back for an image from the film, I kept seeing the same one: Leatherface, the deranged, chain-saw-wielding masked murderer, Hooper's central device and an alpha monster for the seventies, holding his weapon over his head and dancing around and around in the sun in the instant before the final credits—and I found that image comforting. I found the whole *idea* of the movie had become comforting to me.

Strange magic.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN SEEFF

Universal Studios are located in the San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles' sprawling residential north side. Like many other major studios in this era of thin production schedules, Universal has turned a lot of its movie-making land into other things: huge black office towers, banks, a hotel. But there are still some human-scale structures left, and in one of them, a shaded two-story building that could house a small town's lawyers and dentists, Tobe Hooper has an office.

Hooper, 34, directed *Chain Saw* and coauthored its script and score. He is a small, handsome man—trim, tan and bearded—with an extraordinary voice. It has only one register—way low, gritty—and produces words so slowly and deliberately that he seems to be forever just waking up. He dresses with neat country elegance: a suede jacket over a checked western-style shirt, a gold cigarette case filled with Shermans. His conversation is warm, but at all times reserved. His office is sunny, paneled, oblong. On his desk are a phone, his sunglasses and a bottle-in-progress of Dr. Pepper. He has a five-picture deal with Universal, which is what happens to people who make extremely profitable movies.

When I tell Hooper about my contrary reaction to the work that got him all this, he nods immediate understanding. "That's part of the intention," he says matter-of-factly, which is how he says almost everything.

"The picture has generated a lot of misunderstanding. The Cannes Film Festival understood. They showed it in 1975. And it got an Outstanding Film of the Year award at the London Film Festival. It's in the fourth month of an exclusive run in London. In some parts of Europe it's considered an erotic picture.

"There are people I've talked to who swear they saw things in that movie that they did not see—like, uh, you know, blood. But Sam Peckinpah uses three or four times the blood that I do."

He is fidgeting with a ballpoint pen, digging the capped end into the heel of his hand. He stops to light a Sherman: "My approach is scientific. My notions are intuitive, but when I take all the raw, basic images from those unconscious areas, images from behind those doors that we, ah, keep closed . . . I build and construct in such a way that it's a mathematical method—not just in the rhythm of the cutting, say, but in the content of what you see, what you feel and when you feel it. About halfway through a show, or even earlier, the accumulation and the way the images have been presented begin to open little trap doors in the mind. It's the kind of cinema you can mesmerize an audience with. And anyone who has the ability to knock and nudge on those little doors has a responsibility not to go overboard, to temper it in such a way that it's a thrill and not damaging . . . ."

"You're talking about subliminal information."

"Yes, but not the old, uh . . ."

"Go to the lobby and buy a Coca-Cola . . ."

"Yeah, right. But that's a part of what I'm talking about. If the magician is good, you can't really see the tricks."

"Do you use single-frame images?"

"No, no, I'm talking about why you were affected the way you were. It may have something to do with words that were spoken earlier in the picture that seemed not to have anything to do with the moment that you're frightened . . . ."

Leatherface, the deranged, chain-saw-wielding mass murderer, holding his weapon over his head and dancing around and around in the sun, is Hooper's central device and an alpha monster for the seventies . . . I found him comforting

"But achieve a resonance with it?"

"Yeah. You can be very subtle with the ups and downs on a thing like that. I worked for six weeks to get the color right on *Chain Saw*, because color is tremendously important. I work eight or nine months on a script. If you listen, not just to the original sound-track music we did, but to the songs playing on radios in the background, they move parallel to the situation. People don't listen closely to that stuff but it's imprinting anyway . . . there are messages. Everything in that movie means something. And when all these things accumulate at the moment of impact, they make the impact, um, powerful and . . . pure."

Subliminal perception is a killer. The capacity of the unconscious to take information and run with it is unlimited. We flatter ourselves that we are in control of our thinking. We must be nuts.

Anton Ehrenzweig, writing in *The Hidden Order of Art:* "Undifferentiated perception can grasp in a single act of undivided comprehension data that to conscious perception would be incompatible . . . . Unconscious vision is capable of gathering more information than a conscious scrutiny lasting a hundred times longer . . . .

"Preconscious material is kept in waiting in an ante-room of consciousness, ready to intrude whenever a possibility offers itself."

And Tobe Hooper is in the business of offering possibilities. To be a master horror director, to scare people (even with their complicity) in an age of real and persistent personal fear, one must have one's hands on the very mechanics of response. One must understand the distinction between what we are frightened *of* (pain, death, birth, mutilation, betrayal) and what we are frightened *by* (perceptual reflexes beyond our grasp or control—the nature of the *feeling* of falling, being hit, being lost, drowning). We know from Hitchcock that an innocuous event can be made terrifying—the taxidermist sequence in the second version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much;* we also know from some of the clowns who direct television that five deaths in one minute can have all the impact of an after-shave commercial. It's a matter of craft.

"People say it's easy to evoke fear," Hooper says, "but to do it on film is not so easy anymore. That audience has seen a lot. In the early days, when Frankenstein first came to the screen, [people] screamed at the slightest thing. The contemporary adjustment to that for cinema is not easy. What we've learned is that the notion of the angel that ends it all, *and then takes us through the vapor to an unknown area,* is the real terror. . . . I mean, a giant with a chain saw is, you know, that's good, but it's not enough."

Talking about *Chain Saw,* two-and-a-half years and many interviews after its release, Hooper continues to attack the aesthetic and technical questions of his work freshly. Compulsively, in fact, since he has almost no other interests: "I used to like to drive sports cars fast, and I do like to listen to music, but mostly I spend my time working or thinking about my work. I'm not much of a party-goer." At present, his chief preoccupation is the application of structured, accumulated impressions—the technique that made *Chain Saw* so irresistibly frightening—to other genres.

Charlie Haas, coauthor of The Soul Hit *(Harper & Row), sleeps with a nightlight. This is his first article for* New Times.

"I think that comedy can be handled in the same way, and drama, and adventure. I would like to bring a new dimension to the screen. I don't know what to call it—to call it anything would be terribly pretentious. It's not 3-D. It's not Sensurround. It's something new that works on the unconscious mind . . ."

"There's a tremendous responsibility there, right? I mean, it can be euphoric and therapeutic, or it can be a kind of ultimate weapon."

"Mmm. Yeah. Right. And it should not be damaging. That may be the desired effect for some pervert, but it's not mine . . . . Once you get off that roller coaster [*Chain Saw*], you're free of it. I've seen some thriller-horror-blood-and-guts-type films that were made by people who, if they could affect an audience to go out and blow somebody's brains out, they would. To wish anyone ill will when you're a public servant trying to give people what they want in terms of entertainment—you shouldn't play that kind of trick. But the people who spill the guts and destroy heads on screen and get the hard R or X rating *only* know how to mash heads off—they don't have the power or the intellect to use [my method]."

It appears that you're in good hands with Hooper: *Chain Saw*, rated R, is actually not very bloody. People's hands are cut, but no more deeply than in a kitchen accident; the chainsawing sequences are shot so as to obscure the saw's contact with the victim: the girl through whose back the meat hook goes is seen only from the front. And so on.

"I'm not a violent person," says Hooper. "There was a time in my youth when I lived in east Texas, and there were a lot of woods where I went hunting, you know, shooting birds with a BB gun. Then one day, I shot a bird and went over and the bird was not dead, and so I saw the process. After that, it was beer bottles as targets."

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre opens with one of the great B-movie conventions: a deep authoritative voice instructs the audience that the film's story is based on a series of murders that really took place in Texas in the early seventies. Then, through a radio news report and some quick takes of waxy-looking corpses, we learn that a series of grave robberies has hit Texas. Next, we are in a van with five thoroughly disagreeable people—two young couples and a wheelchair-bound brother of one of the women—going to an abandoned house in which two of them grew up. They are a whiny, shallow-minded bunch. Their

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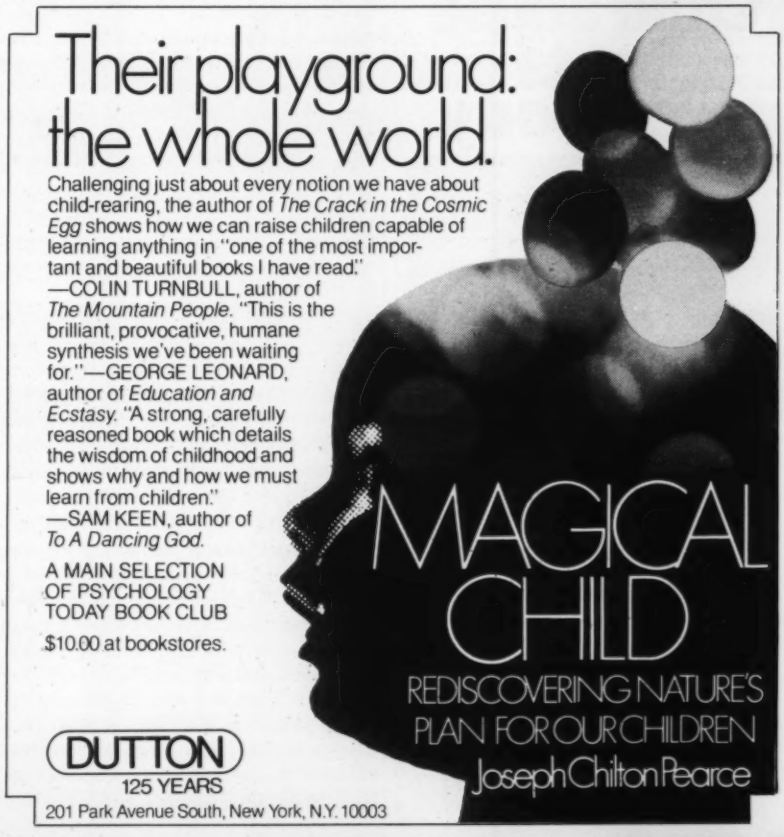
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dialogue is gratingly dull. They bicker and needle each other.

They pick up a batty hippie hitchhiker (the guy with the mark of Cain). He cuts open his hand and the crippled kid's wrist, laughing hysterically. The batty hippie is kicked out of the van. Later the five stop for gas at a filling station-barbecue restaurant, but the pumps are dry. Everything is going wrong, but they continue to the abandoned house, where portentous trinkets of animal bone hang in the doorways. One by one—looking first for gasoline, then for each other—they wander to a second house nearby, a house whose interior walls are hung with strange-looking hides. Inside the house the innocents are snatched up, killed and dismembered by the leather-masked chain-saw murderer in a horrible travesty of modern, technological efficiency: sliding steel doors slam, hooks are ready to take the dismembered meat, freezer chests are packed with ice . . . .

One of the five, the beautiful blond woman played by Marilyn Burns, escapes this fate long enough to reach the barbecue place. A bad move: the barbecue's owner, the hippie hitchhiker and Leatherface are related, an infernal family murder-and-cannibalism team.

Burns finds herself at a dinner table in Leatherface's house. Her friends are being served as sausage. Her finger is cut, and placed in the old mummy's mouth. She runs away, chased by Leatherface, forever wielding the chainsaw, and by the hippie. At the end of the picture, she is in the back of a pick-up truck, drenched in blood, laughing and crying dementedly, "saved" but ruined, as Leatherface pirouettes with his chainsaw in the early morning sunshine. We never find out what happens to him. Aside from accidentally cutting himself, he is not punished . . .

In most horror movies, there are resting places between the grisly passages. In *Chain Saw*, things go from very bad to much worse with no breathers. By the time the ugly action (what we are scared *of*) starts, the viewer is already completely on edge because of the realistic, boring dialogue, the powerful images of heat, the apparently incidental appearances of several characters who are imbecilic or demonic (what we are scared *by*). The scariest things in *Chain Saw* are not acts of violence, but grotesqueries—scars, masks, a room whose floor is covered with bones and feathers, a chicken crammed into a birdcage, the juxtaposition of the *ideas* of cannibalism, technology and a twisted, horrible kind of family life—the murderers all have their little chores to do in the household; Leatherface, for example, sometimes dons a woman's wig and bustles around the kitchen. Further, there is the suggestion that this unholiness is a direct result of the way we all live, the detritus of Western Civ. There is also the character of the film's three punishing figures. They are, variously, superstitious (barbecue owner), hysterical (hippie), mute (Leatherface). Where in many horror movies the monster is invincibly strong and destructive, these three are menacing because of a combination of strength and stupidity. Their semi-competence and goofiness make them scary. Once, when I was held up at knifepoint, I was scared because I knew my assailant didn't intend to cut me but was so fucked up on downs that I was sure he'd do it unintentionally (he didn't). All of this results in an intensity that is hard to imagine or compare. Of recent movies, only *Mean Streets* comes close.

And there is *Chain Saw*'s perfect paranoid cachet. The movie works like a Bob Dylan song, when Dylan is feeling morbid. Tension is literally built, like a set: "It was less relaxed than normal," Hooper says. "I do what I have to do. I have methods as a director that are invisible. I use the technique of not telling an actor anything, but on his periphery, when I know he's listening, I will say things to someone else that will feed him information. I try to keep my attitude consistent with the mood of the piece . . . ."

In *Chain Saw*, Marilyn Burns is endlessly bruised, bloodied, chased and tortured. Her performance, together with Hooper's visual style, holds the picture together. Her portrayal of pain and fear goes beyond evocation. Her terror becomes the same as the audience's. Just when you are about to allow yourself a snicker at the inclusion of a hoary horror cliché ("You don't want to go poking around in that old house—you might get *hurt*") or an obscene joke ("I *told* you never to leave your brother alone with that chain saw; look what he's done to the door!"), you are back on the hook because the actress' ordeal is so chasteningly real.

In person, Marilyn Burns is an earnest, unpretentious professional. Her commitment to good performances is almost fanatic. In jeans, eye shadow and a modestly loose, pleated rainbow blouse, she is sweet-spoken. Discussing the most sickening moments in the picture, she sounds like a stewardess describing some leftovers in the fridge that have gotten really *icky*:

"I've seen a lot of directors

Hooked on horror: Tobe Hooper's dramatic devices include the transfiguration of everyday technological implements (chain saws, meat hooks) into instruments of torture; the corruption of the family unit; the erosion of logic

work," she says, "Lumet with the 'Pussycat, sweetheart, darling'; Altman taking people into a corner and saying, 'You're this, and you're that, improvise a little bit'; George Roy Hill doing *Waldo Pepper*—'Okay, we got that shot, let's go take a ride in the plane.'

"Tobe doesn't do any of that. He just keeps a very straight face. Other directors will smile sometimes or look pleased when they get a good take. Tobe just concentrates. It makes you work harder. He doesn't have to yell or walk off looking angry in order to get a good performance.

"He has these little tricks. In *Chain Saw*, that scene where I fight with Franklin, the guy in the wheelchair, over the flashlight—we were doing the scene, and I realized that Franklin wasn't remembering his lines. I started getting mad. I found out later that Tobe told Franklin: 'Do anything you like, forget the lines, it doesn't matter.' And the madder I got—by the time we were fighting for that flashlight, I was *furious*.

"On that set I really began to feel crazy sometimes, and sick, and very scared. We shot night for night, long hours, and it was hot, and the chain saw—that sound—you'd think you'd get used to that, but you never really do. Doing that dinner table scene, where I'm tied up and they cut my finger—we worked 26 hours straight. And we had all this head cheese and sausage and meat under the lights, and all these dead animals—we had unusual props—and they started smelling. Being in that chair—the temperature's like 110, and everyone's getting a little goofy . . . I mean, these faces come leering at you—it was like a nightmare. The killers would be hooting and hollering, and I'd be screaming, and poor Leatherface under his apron and mask was beginning to smell so badly he could hardly stand himself. They had a chicken's head in the middle of the table with a hot light on it. You know how rotten chickens smell?

"I don't think you could have done *The Sound of Music* in that atmosphere, but for what we were doing it worked fine."

The tradition of the horror story—which extends certainly as far back as the Gothic novels of the 18th century, and arguably to the Revelations of John and primitive folklore—is a human one. The earliest horror movies, starting with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in 1908 and *Frankenstein* in 1910, according to R.H.W. Dillard in *Horror Films*, "were fully committed to an exploration of essential human nature, of what it means to be an individual . . . free in a complex and mysterious world to choose between an understanding of that world which is creative or decreative, to choose, in other words, between the darkness and the light." Sigmund Freud recognized the best intentions of the horror genre when he wrote in *The Uncanny* of "that class of the terrifying which leads us back to something long known to us, once very familiar."

Hooper places his work squarely in this tradition. "The idea," he says, "is to establish a context that personifies the death angel. . . . A pistol is as lethal as a ghost or a ghoul, but a ghost or a ghoul scares us more. . . . For a pistol [to be] a frightening device, it needs to somehow represent the Grim Reaper, that dark, unknown force that is even more frightening than termination."

One of the most striking moments in *Chain Saw* is a lingering take of Leatherface in a rare moment of stasis. The shot is close on his face, and his eyes and mouth can be seen behind the mask—the eyes dull and feebly curious, the weak mouth twitching—just a self-mutated person wondering how he got here and what to do next . . . and one thinks of the moment in *The Island of Dr. Moreau* when H. G. Wells' narrator stumbles across the Leopard Man: "Seeing the creature there in a perfectly animal atti-

tude, with the light gleaming in its eyes, and its imperfectly human face distorted in terror, I realized again the fact of its humanity."

Tobe Hooper grew up in hotels in Texas and Louisiana, his father being a hotel man. As a child, Tobe had two consuming interests: movies and magic. His father bought a movie house next to one of the hotels, and "that was my kindergarten. I'd stay there for five or six hours at a time. I also saw a few magic shows, which just fascinated the hell out of me. When I was like seven, I was experimenting with little tricks, kits you could buy. My parents encouraged me, and before long I was going to professional magic supply outlets and I had quite an inventory of illusions and effects. When I was eight, I was doing shows for audiences of 800 people.

"Then I got an 8-millimeter movie camera for Christmas and I started trying to duplicate things I'd seen in the movie house. I shot *Fall of the House of Usher* in 8-millimeter when I was ten, and that's all I've done since . . . I was one of two people in the film department at the University of Texas. I did TV spots, short subjects, specials for PBS; I was very interested in cinema verité—I don't know if you remember that movement, they don't speak of it much anymore." He laughs. "I shot probably a million feet of verité. I got quite good at it. I realized that I could anticipate moments before they happened. I had a quiet-running camera, an NPR 16-millimeter, and I could become part of a group that I was shooting, and the camera didn't intimidate anyone. I could blend into the happening. I knew when someone was going to get out of a chair, or say something, and I'd go to it with the camera—while the camera was running—and know whether it should be a closeup or a medium shot. I won a lot of awards with that stuff." He laughs again.

All the while, Hooper was gearing up for features such as *Chain Saw*, doing "a lot of scientific reading, a lot of frame-by-frame examination of stuff, a lot of good talk, a lot of experimentation, a lot of shooting. My interest was always in theatrical features. I didn't choose it. It chose me."

National Star news item: "There is new hope for more than a million Americans, most of them housewives, who suffer from a little-known anxiety state called agoraphobia—the fear of leaving the safety of their homes. . . .

"An Australian physician, Dr. Claire Weekes, has developed a method that has cured thousands of agoraphobics . . . through the use of her books, cassette recordings and long-distance telephone chats from her home in Sydney. . . .

"Dr. Weekes believes the condition is caused by what she calls the 'sensitization of the nerves.' By this, she means that the emotional and nervous responses are greatly intensified and come with unusual, sometimes alarming swiftness. . . .

"A severely sensitized person feels the symptoms of stress so intensely that an ordinary spasm of fear may register as a whipping lash of panic, almost an electric flash."

The five years prior to the filming of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* were a boom period for fear. There emerged a vogue for invoking the cathartic and social usefulness of violence; an example of this imprudent trend was Weatherwoman Bernardine Dohrn's attempt to popularize a salute consisting of three spread fingers, indicating approbation for the Manson family's placement of a fork in the abdomen of the pregnant Sharon Tate.

Subliminal perception is a killer. The capacity of the unconscious to take information and run with it is unlimited. We flatter ourselves that we are in control of our thinking. We must be nuts

The killers in *Chain Saw* are not unlike the Manson people: posthip, righteously enthusiastic in their mission, acting in accordance with an eclectic, homemade occultism. What these people are playing with, Hooper says, "is a very thin construct, a light canvas that covers the edge of a cliff, and they don't know what's behind that and they get too close. We not only know the cliff is there, we know its potential. We have seen the bones at the bottom."

A paradox: Television news films of Vietnam combat—as realistic a rendering of violence as can be produced—lost their impact on most viewers after a few months. It was frequently remarked that the news footage had begun to look staged. Whereas it took Hooper's filmmaking—as staged and calculating a rendering of violence as there has ever been—to make the sensations of violence seem real.

When I mentioned Hooper's rap about subliminals to another director, who knows Hooper, the director said, "That sounds like bullshit, but it makes for a great interview."

Well, what we're talking about here is mental manipulation, the confounding of expectation and defense. Question: if you made a movie, and didn't stock it with subliminal effects, but led people to believe you had, would that be any less effective?

I have been trying to get Hooper to tell me something about his next picture. All he will say is that it will be out at Christmas and "will be much less violent than things I've been associated with, much less dark. It's sort of an attempt to put the cap back on the bottle, heh. But in the process give them the thrills that are important in the marketplace." And why shoot in secrecy? "Because of certain kinds of magic that I intend to use that I really don't want to expose."

After that? "Some serious dramas. Things like *The French Connection.* That's a beautifully put-together piece. [Bill] Friedkin has a real understanding of these hypnotic things we're talking about. *The Exorcist* is a very well-thought-out horror piece with a great deal of dignity. Since the period of *The Exorcist, Chain Saw* and a few other movies, the genre of horror is looked on with much more respect throughout the industry. *Chain Saw* is playing as strongly and in some places stronger than when it was released. And that was calculated too. It was part of the design."

This I swear is true: I'd been to Universal one day, talking to Tobe, and I went over to Ventura Boulevard and caught the 81 bus to Hollywood. Sitting across from me and a few seats down were two junior high school kids, 11 or 12 years old. For some reason, my eyes kept drifting over to one of them, a chubby, goofy kid with braces and glasses . . . and then he lifted his hand from his lap and I saw that there was a huge open cut on it, a fat red bubble of blood behind his knuckles, with blood streaming down both sides of his hand, onto his wrist.

The kid turned his hand in the light, admiring it, and then his friend said, "*God,* it's good. You couldn't ever tell," and the kid with the cut nodded and reached down and plucked the blood from his hand in one solid—plastic—piece. And put it away in a pocket. And, a few seconds later, absently patted the pocket and then the clean, smooth skin on his baby-fat hand. ●

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Books

Scandal and bliss

By Geoffrey Wolff

Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties *by Morris Dickstein.* Basic Books (300 pp., illustrated, $11.95).

Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties *by Sara Davidson.* Doubleday (249 pp., illustrated, $9.50).

Morris Dickstein grew up a "good boy" during the fifties, when goodness was highly prized. He entered Columbia as a freshman in 1957 with "glib intellectual gifts, a cheery and studious temperament, a good deal of emotional immaturity, and a quiet, ferocious competitiveness." The timing of his matriculation caused him to straddle the fault line between antipodal cultures, and habits of reflection and analysis learned as a scholar and teacher provoke him to discover in the hurly-burly of the sixties coherence, purpose and pattern.

Anyone who began college during the presidency of Eisenhower and left after the Beatles had begun to sing has experienced a confusion of attachments. The shift from sobersidedness to ecstatic inquiry and activism was abrupt, and dislocating, and it left many of us now in our mid and late thirties feeling that we infiltrated two cultural camps, were secret agents or sightseers in both.

In Dickstein's case this inevitable confusion of attachments has been exacerbated by the nature of his education. As a graduate student in English literature at Cambridge University and at Yale during the sixties, he was trained in textual exegesis, that extreme attention to verbal detail known by the rubric of New Criticism, the most honored expression of intelligence during the fifties. And during the fifties he was exposed to the Columbia curriculum designed by Lionel Trilling and Mark Van Doren and Jacques Barzun, an overview of Western civilization that celebrated relatedness and relevance, two watchwords of the sixties.

Gates of Eden judges and measures by a bifurcated vision and method, a frequently indecisive movement from the general to the minute. Dickstein does not hesitate to ramble through such broad and complex subjects as the experimental fiction of the sixties or black humor, pausing here and there to try a deep probe before rushing off.

"The arts of the sixties," he writes, "even the poetry of the sixties, were kinetic—they tended toward dance. . . .The hallmarks were energy and intensity. On the other hand, the arts of the fifties tended mainly toward speech: their hallmarks were irony and control, the sublimation of energy into form."

It requires courage and security to offer as accurate representations of cultural topography such grossly distinct and superficial contours. But not only is the judgment brave, it is accurate, and displays Dickstein's principal ambition: to codify the conceptual nature of polar eras. This ambition is too often undone by theatrical fussiness, the academic tailings of the New Criticism, as when Dickstein wonders aloud and at length (although by footnote) whether the name Snowden in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* might mean "snowed-in," or might refer to Wordsworth's Welsh mountain, Snowdon. (On second thought, such fanatical attention to textual detail characterized the methods of Beatlemaniacs who subjected liner notes to similar analysis for confirmation of the rumor that Paul had died. So was Dylan's work stripped down note by note, syllable by syllable.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMON

Dickstein does not write of his experience at Cambridge or Yale, and I have taken liberties to extrapolate from his institutional associations certain preoccupations and critical reflexes of a stranger. But in a sense Dickstein has given his readers license to imagine the experience of ideas and of a culture by a particular man in a particular situation. He cites the critic Daniel Hoffman and the historian Martin Duberman as men "trained in the objective mode" who have nevertheless included in their works "the affective and subjective elements they had been taught to censor out." If *Gates of Eden* disappoints it is because Dickstein will not surrender to his ambition. He knows this; he realizes that his book is more cultural history than personal report: "I suspect that this reticence or reserve, this submission of the self to the idea—along with my continued allegiance to criticism and its traditions—reveals the part of me that remains a child of the fifties. . . ."

Just as Dickstein maintains more distance from his narrative than a let-it-all-hang-out son of the sixties might, so is his cultural history less about the kinetic and spectacular theater of effects fundamental to the culture of the sixties than it is about speech, irony, form, control. While he writes perceptively about Dylan's music, manner and lyrics, and while he is attentive to the progress and decline of the Rolling Stones and the Beatles, this book is primarily a study of literature, of Heller and Thomas Pynchon and Kurt Vonnegut and Donald Barthelme and Norman Mailer. It sounds these writers deeply and resourcefully; it is less intelligent in its glancing references to Robert Coover, Philip Roth and William Gass.

Dickstein condemns Roth for a failure to break new ground after the radical success of *Portnoy's Complaint*, and touches upon Roth's work during the seventies. If he thus wishes to stretch the limits of the decade about which he writes, he might have taken into account Roth's extraordinary experiment, "On the Air," and his novel, *My Life as a Man*. His antagonism toward Bruce Jay Friedman might profit from elaboration, and his dismissal of Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid*

Test as "stupefyingly boring—I got through only half of it" is bush-league criticism. Given Dickstein's training in literature, is it possible to write what subtitles itself "American Culture in the Sixties" with only a glance at Marshall McLuhen and without reference to Andy Warhol or Kenneth Anger or *The Graduate* or *Easy Rider* or Robert Rauschenberg?

What *Gates of Eden* is willing to essay it essays with humanity and intelligence. Dickstein twice quotes Irving Howe's sour and inspired characterization of the sixties youth culture as displaying a "psychology of unobstructed need," and he charts a course from the massive political and emotional obstructions of the fifties to the gates of this elusive Eden, taking as guides Paul Goodman and Norman O. Brown and the early Herbert Marcuse. He marvelously recreates the beginning of the sixties—for him, the reading of *Kaddish* by Allen Ginsberg in 1959.

I well remember a reading that year at Princeton in Alexander Hall by Ginsberg and Gregory Corso and another, perhaps LeRoi Jones. The huge auditorium was mobbed with two-for-a-penny literary mandarins come to sneer, just as the Beats had come not to convert but to antagonize. The hostility in that place was extreme, and prefigured an era of confrontation and outrage, of scandal and extremity, of high energy and low rhetoric. Everyone was at his worst that night, and I would have to read Ginsberg in solitude and silence to recognize in his work the merits that should have been conspicuous as soon as he opened his mouth.

How quickly did the sixties overwhelm the Beats, and cut the ground from beneath most of them. Kerouac, desperate to rub against the lay of any age's fur, returned to the culture of the fifties to protest the license of the sixties. Dickstein is generous, justly generous, to the granters of a new license. Diana Trilling, in an influential essay, was scandalized by the Beat prophecies she heard at Ginsberg's 1959 reading at Columbia. Dickstein rhetorically asks her what after all is high culture, on whose behalf she protests, other than "a body of scandals that took," a habit of subversion and confrontation?

If *Gates of Eden* spends excessive energy on what it will do, what it has not been about, what it meant to do—if it signals its punches always—let it also be recorded that there are some extraordinary wing shots taken, some brilliant observations brought down. Dickstein returned to Columbia to teach in 1966. Two years later, radicalized by the Columbia uprising, Dickstein saw a mob of longshoremen shouting at a mob of war protesters, "Get washed, hippies! . . . Take a bath!" The longshoremen were burly and unkempt, the protesters "impeccably groomed suburban matrons."

The sixties began, then, in dislocation, and ended there. The rhetoric of the hectoring Beats brought the age in, and the rhetoric of protest and demand sent it out. Unwashed hippy suburban matrons . . . pigs . . . imperialist war-mongers . . . burned kids . . . the global village . . . tune in, turn on, drop out . . . freaks . . . power to the people, to women, to US!!! *NOW!!!!* Much of this energy and verbal dementia was implicitly (or more commonly explicitly) sexual. Dickstein does not linger with what he calls "the blissed-out side" of the sixties—exotic

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

diet, meditation, chemical euphoria, incantation—or the sexual revolution. In an extraordinary throwaway, he writes that for all the excitement with revolutionary theories of sexual conduct during the early sixties, the theories notably of Brown and Marcuse, their full weight never registered on his imagination. "To me they meant not some ontological breakthrough for human nature but probably just plain fucking, lots of it—in other words, just the opposite of what they said" about the tyranny of genital organization and the polymorphous perverse.

Dickstein, that is, escaped the sexual revolution with his hide and his emotional health evidently intact. Sara Davidson's exploration of herself and two-and-a-half classmates at Berkeley during the sixties (one of them refused to be included in *Loose Change*, but is, sort of, anyway) is an inventory of casualities of unobstructed need, bliss and orgasm. I cannot recollect having read in another book, excepting fictions like *Portnoy's Complaint*, which use sexual fixation as a metaphor, such an obsessive account of couplings and uncouplings, what *Wide World of Sex* might call "the triumph of orgasm and the agony of spasmlessness." Everyone is measured by how often she's fucked, how well, how meaningfully, how novelly.

Loose Change is transcendently a book of, by and for the suburban sixties. Like Dickstein, Sara Davidson locates Ground Zero in the awful year 1968, and cites the conventional dichotomy Woodstock-Altamount, rightness-spoilage. Many of the episodes and places Dickstein uses to illustrate his sixties by photograph she also uses; Bob Dylan in concert, an antiwar march, Allen Ginsberg being-in, the Columbia rebellion, Mick Jagger playing the Debbil, and the kids bathing at Woodstock. Davidson hasn't the merest portion of the wit, intelligence, depth or rhetorical talent that Dickstein displays, but she is honest, wide open, self-conscious to a fanatical degree. People of the sixties, people vulnerable to such a rubric as "people of the sixties," are forever tuning themselves up, testing themselves for ecstasy, wondering whether there aren't wings of the house more interesting than the wing in which they are, the wing in which they believe themselves locked. This fosters habits of desperate introspection and revelation, and *Loose Change* lays it all on the line, as *Gates of Eden* does not.

Mary McCarthy's *The Group* might have been a model, though the vulgarity of the movie rather than the acid of the fiction would set the tone. Here is no fiction, however; only the names have been changed, and not all of them. The narrative gets under way in 1961 in a Jewish sorority at the University of California. The girls—Sara, Tasha, Candy and Susie—are all members, and all financially privileged. They are California girls all, laid back, eager to flow with the drift, peppy and pretty. By the time Davidson finishes with them, with the sixties and with herself, they will be ravaged, whipped this way and that by sexual appetites they can neither master nor comprehend, by the rhetoric of male gorillas, of man haters, and nut eaters, woozy swamis, dope salesmen and media hypesters.

Davidson, regarded by hippies

as a tool of the capitalist press, and by the press as liaison to the land of hip, is well-positioned to report from the no-woman's-land she fated herself to occupy. Even the Jewishness she shares with her one-time sorority sisters seems quintessentially of the sixties, an era that was itself Jewish in its imagination for disaster, its sense of itself as alienated, its intensity, its antagonism to traditional American, and Protestant, virtues.

"In that time," writes Sara Davidson, "that decade which belonged to the young, we had thought life was free and would never run out. There were good people and bad people and we could tell them apart by a look or by words spoken in code. We were certain we belonged to a generation that was special. We did not need or care about history because we had sprung from nowhere."

No one springs from nowhere, as Dickstein shows and Davidson knows. She means her summary of the unexamined quality of her life ironically, but however laboriously and honestly she reveals the details of her history during the sixties and the history of her friends, she remains unmoored, one year cocksure of her rationality, the next in analysis, someone who does not know where she has been, or where the current will next carry her. At the close of her book she writes: "I'm afraid I will be criticized for copping out. ('We want to know what you *make* of it all, what this period meant in terms of a society, a culture.') But the truth is, I have not found answers and I'm not sure I remember the questions."

The questions these women asked themselves as students were neither deep nor memorable. Davidson concedes as much. A civil rights demonstration, her first, was "the biggest social event of the semester." At Berkeley "there was something to discover around every corner. The History of Ideas! El Greco! Erik Erikson! When I lived at A. E. Phi it was not uncommon for me to rush home to dinner waving a book." Betty Coed meets The Great Books!

Later she would "argue about existentialism" and Candy would practice "nude to the waist Debussy's 'Claire de Lune'" on a rented piano. Tasha, a great beauty with "dark brown eyes that had pain in them," suffered the immaculate conception of an aborted infant after dry-humping a boyfriend in the back seat of his automobile; she was finally and entirely seduced by a young man who read her Wallace Stevens' "Sunday Morning," the poem by which many a maiden of the fifties was undone. In fact, from the sorority house to the clutter of "existentialism" and Debussy, these were products of the culture of the fifties, of which "Sunday Morning" was with "Four Quartets" the most treasured artifact.

But in their appetites these were children of the sixties. Susie married a revolutionary hero of the campus, but left him in large part because she couldn't bring herself to orgasm with him (or without a vibrator). When he learned this at an encounter group, he wept. Orgasms, entire ecstasy, was a right. More: a duty! Sara had her own problems and indirections in this department, but finally she broke through with Michael: "It was exquisite, torturous. I must have release, I thought, please don't stop. *Please*, I know you must be tired but please it's so close. I was shaking, wound up like a hunt dog ready to dash and still the intensity kept building until I was astounded the body could register such extreme sensations of pleasure. I screamed."

And married her partner. Who was an FM radio deejay. Who liked to vacation in Palm Springs and dine at 21. She entered analysis, got up to four sessions per week at the same time maintaining a successful career as a journalist writing for the *Boston Globe* (on the staff), *Harper's*, *Life* and *Esquire*. *Harper's Bazaar* listed her among "One Hundred Women in Touch with Our Time . . . a deft 27-year-old evaluator of the current scene." She left Michael, as Tasha left her lover. The women drifted. There was always enough money to get from place to place, to buy some dope, to hook up with a new commune or be snowed by Baba Ram Dass. And always the question: How do I feel? Why don't I feel better? Ask the medicine man. At the communes people gave themselves and their kids names like Butterfly and Ponderosa Pine and Circle and Sky and Cloud and Blue Jay and Sun Bee and Raspberry. Far out.

Susie was a prisoner of rhetoric: the least self-knowing of the women, she is now in medical school. "Next year," she once said, "I want to get out of the rut we're in. I'm going to smoke a lot of dope and make a bunch of new friends." She knows now how this sounds, and when she read a draft of *Loose Change* she wept. "We were like children throwing tantrums. . . . I'm still committed to change, but it will be quieter. I don't think we're gonna have to kill people."

Something, wildly escalating expectations perhaps, zombied people like Susie. Kick down a running dog, chuck a rock through the window of the Bank of America. Kill, don't kill, what's the line today? In fact few did kill, and that's the wonder. The most nauseating and hateful passage I have ever read lies nestled, unapproved but unexamined, in this book. It is offered as an episode at a commune, something interesting—different strokes for different folks—but not interesting enough for Davidson to discuss. An anecdote. It is about a man named Harry, who took care of an infant named Blue Jay while Blue Jay's mother baked bread, and returned the child to his mother at dusk, and said: "What a mellow day. . . . I dropped mescaline and we were lying in the garden and ya know what? Blue Jay started playing with my dick and I sucked his cock."

Many, too many pages later Sara Davidson asks, "What went wrong? All these bright, idealistic, committed people—how could they have miscalculated so badly? Was it mass hallucination? Were our perceptions wrong?"

What went wrong? Noise, haste, reflexive rhetoric, unexamined as well as unobstructed need, the use of things, the ignorance of their nature, waste, a hatred of spiritual as well as political government.

The sixties recapitulated in both these books is the epoch that belonged to the middle class, as ever restless for exchange and novelty and sensation. This is not the sixties of black street soldiers and the troops in Indochina. The novelist Jay Neugeboren, writing on his thirtieth birthday, in 1968, understood the distinction between one sixties and another: "I did not need in my own life a revolution: I merely wanted one. The difference is crucial."

Indeed it is. That there was a revolution in the sixties, that it was volcanic and necessary—who would deny this, or have it otherwise? Jean Paul Sartre had reference to the fifties, to the Rosenberg execution and Joe McCarthy when he wrote, "Watch out! America has the rabies." He might have been speaking of Sara Davidson's friends in the following decade. Great and awful events transpired in that time, and I am glad, Sara Davidson has made me glad, that it is over.

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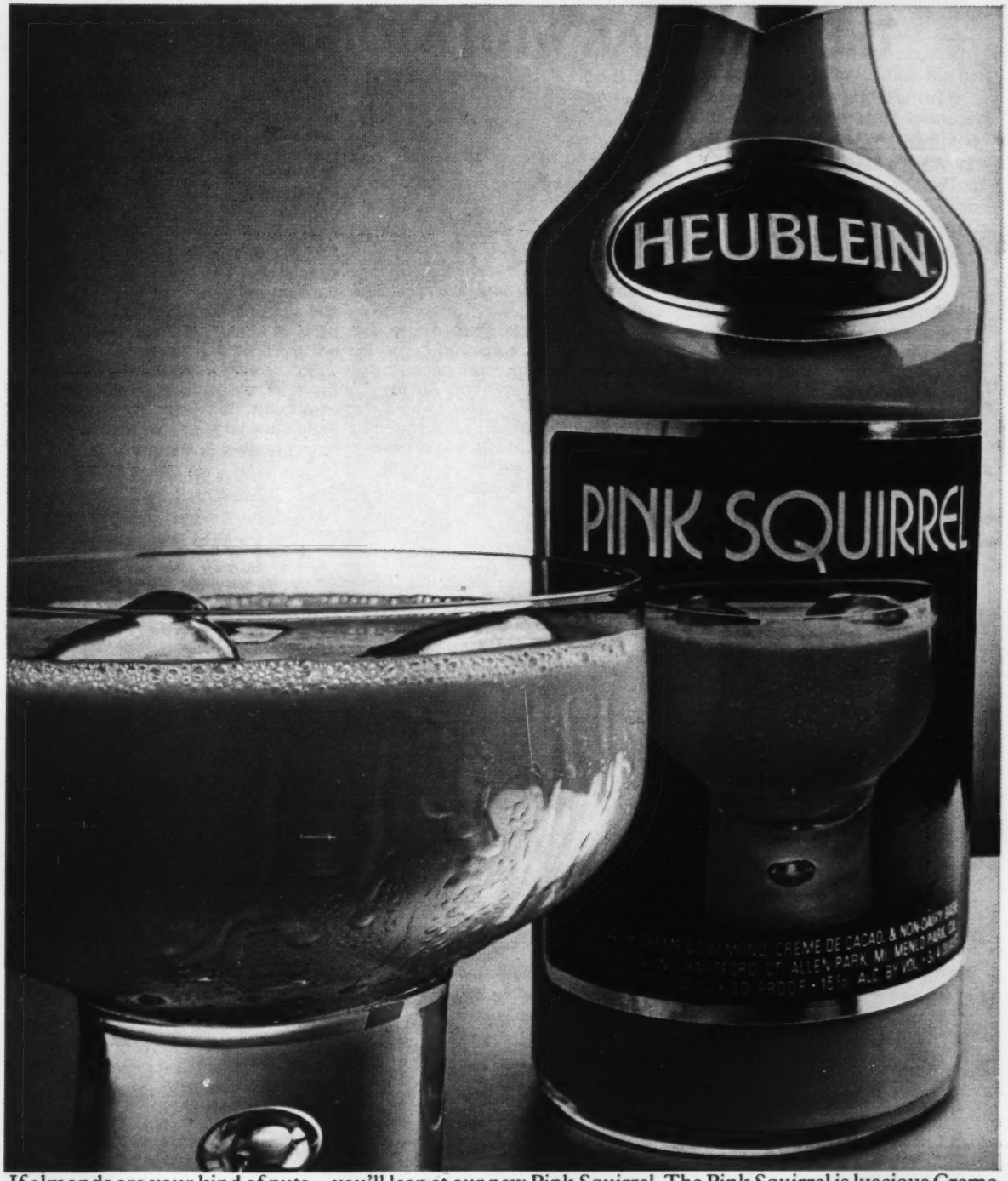

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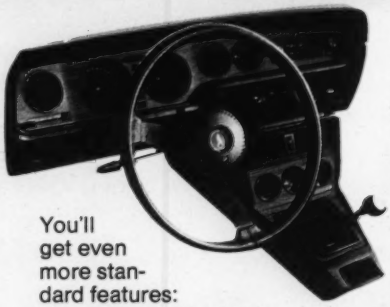

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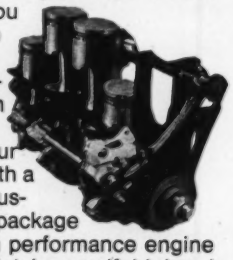

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Movies

Woody Allen loves...

By Richard Corliss

Woody Allen has peered deep into his soul and discovered a Whitman's Sampler. There may be teeth marks on some of the chocolates; baby worms may be nesting in the bottom of the box; the sentiment on the lid may read, "The wages of sin ~~are~~ is death, and besides, the sin tax will kill you." But the candy centers are soft and creamy and sweet, and that's about the spirit of **Annie Hall.** A *Time* headline heralds *Annie Hall* as "Woody Allen's Breakthrough Movie"; an *Esquire* headline suggests it's the film in which "Woody Allen Wipes the Smile Off His Face." The change isn't quite that spectacular: Allen has simply, and quite successfully, moved from his own peculiar updating of Marx Brothers farce to his own peculiar updating of forties romantic comedy—from, say, *Animal Crackers* to *Adam's Rib*.

Because Allen lacks the physical grace to bring off slapstick (he had the attitude for it, but never the aptitude), it was wise of him to forsake it in favor of behavioral humor. And because today's audiences seem to want gentle reassurance, Allen's development of his comic persona into an acceptably romantic hero is likely to make *Annie Hall* a breakthrough film in at least one respect: the movie should win a brand-new legion of Woody Allen fans. The new Woody is saying, "OK, now you can see me as I really am. And boy am I lovable!" The boy is lovable, and so is the film.

I don't mean to suggest that there's been some sinister calculation in making a mensch out of a schnook, or a Chaplin (Charlie, not Geraldine) out of a Keaton (Buster, not Diane). Allen has simply placed his "Woody Allen character" in a comic love story that travels a traditional narrative route, with suitably modern detours into the past and the conditional. The film takes the form of a monologue—that of a comic, or an analysand, or someone who, like Allen and his *Annie Hall* protagonist, is both—on the life and loves of Alvy Singer, comedian. Throughout, the autobiographical elements are hard to miss. Alvy was born in Brooklyn (as was Woody); wrote for other comics (in Woody's case Berle, Caesar, Gary Moore) before performing his own stuff on college campuses and TV talk shows (both are represented in *Annie Hall*); and gradually withdrew from performing to concentrate on writing. Alvy-Woody has gone through two abortive marriages—one to an aggressive New York intellectual (NYU Philosophy student Harlene Rosen, played in the film by Janet Margolin), the other to a shy, monotonal Brandeis Poli-Sci major (Louise Lasser, played in the film by Carol Kane)—before falling in love and setting up house with Annie Hall (Diane Keaton, played in the film by Diane Keaton).

Alvy with Annie: Suffering from an artfully rouged misogyny

Annie is a tall, blond actress-singer with the kind of sensual innocence that once inspired Botticelli and the Beach Boys, and now draws Alvy into his first satisfying sexual romance. It doesn't last; nothing does. But it leaves Alvy with the most pleasant, least curable sickness: nostalgia.

We have to stop and remind ourselves here that *Annie Hall* is not only the strangulated murmur of a neurotic urban heart; it is also a movie. Of various and satisfying kinds:

It's a director's film. He had the help of two of the savviest technicians in the American film (cinematographer Gordon Willis and editor Ralph Rosenblum), but with his sixth film as a director, Woody Allen has mastered the craft of moviemaking. Unlike most of Mel Brooks' movies, *Annie Hall* does not look like a fortune-cookie jar stuffed with one-liners. Allen has conquered the writer's tendency to explain everything, to underline each verbal or visual gag. *Annie Hall* is spare and clean, and shifts gracefully among its time frames. Allen has learned not only which filmmakers to steal from, but how subtle a "quotation" from their work can be and still affect an audience: Alvy and Annie meet in front of a *Face to Face* poster, and later Annie has an anxiety attack that's filmed in the style of the Bergman movie. The scene is not so much satire as a homage to Allen's favorite director. And it may suggest the direction he wants his own films to take.

It's a writer's film. Annie Hall isn't tightly plotted, but its construction is intricate. A key word in the last line of dialogue from one scene will be used in the first line of the next. Characters converse across the boundaries of time and space (again, a Bergman citation: *Wild Strawberries*). There's a sense that nothing was ad-libbed in this film, not even when the opportunity presented itself—as in a moment between Allen and Keaton when, after a tennis match, his racquet handle bumps fortuitously against her thigh, and both actors ignore the implication. Sometimes a gag will be repeated ("I'd never want to join a club that would have me as a member"), not to get a different kind of laugh, but to insist that the audience understand the serious point behind the joke.

It's an actor's film. The film's scheme—two major characters with a lot of crazies doing cameos—both limits and liberates the supporting players. Ten-year-old Amy Levitan's five seconds on camera (she stares at us as if she's about to recite the seven-times table, and then says, "I'm into leather") has already been deposited in my memory bank, for frequent future reference. Bob Maroff, as a pesty Alvy Singer fan outside the *Face to Face* movie theater, gets a lot of mileage out of juxtaposing an innocuous line of autograph-hound patter with his crooked smile and huge, murderous hands. The only performance that jars is Diane Keaton's. Her goofy nervousness used to be appealing, but now it's calcified into a shtick. She used to project vul-

nerability; now she just projects dumb. And that, I'd guess, is what Woody Allen finds so attractive about Keaton. And *that* brings up the film's major contradiction.

Annie Hall would seem to be a valentine to Diane Keaton, from the choice of the film's title (Keaton's real name is Diane Hall) to the final melancholy shot of the ex-lovers parting in front of Lincoln Center. First of all, this is a film about Alvy Singer, not about Annie Hall. We get a thumbnail sketch (with ragged cuticles) of Alvy Singer's life before he met Annie; and when she leaves him for a singing career in Los Angeles, we stay with Alvy.

More important, as critic Stuart Byron has pointed out, Alvy suffers from an artfully rouged misogyny. He has two compulsions: to place Annie on a pedestal and to push every other woman *under* one. He can't cope with sexual equality; any intelligent woman seems a contradiction in terms to Alvy, and thus a butt for his jokes. So Annie, the Orange County *tabula rasa*, is perfect material for Alvy; he can buy her books on death, persuade her to take night courses, pay for her analysis, encourage her singing career. But the moment Annie has a chance to assume control over her own professional destiny, Alvy envelops her in the embrace of his own adorable psychopathy. He says, in effect, "Stay with me forever. Laugh and be smothered." He needs to be Annie's teacher, lover, Jewish mother. When Annie tells Alvy, "You don't think I'm smart enough to be serious about," she's totally wrong; Alvy can only be serious about a woman who *isn't* too smart, who doesn't offer the kind of intellectual competition he sees as a threat.

The agent of Annie's modest ambition is pop star Tony Lacey, who, as played by pop star Paul Simon, is Alvy-Woody's smarmy California clone. Indeed, all the important men in the Woody Allen universe fit some version of the short, smart, winsome New York Jew; and all the attractive women (like Lacey's California girl) are variations on Diane Keaton. *Annie Hall* is an inverted *Love Story*, with Keaton as Ryan O'Neal and Allen as Ali MacGraw. These polar opposites make for an attractive scenario with a constricting psychology. Alvy comes on like the world's cutest Talmud scholar—a real bunny rabbi—who wants nothing more than a long-limbed gentile to idolize and dominate. At the end, Alvy and Annie meet again, talk about old times, and go their separate ways. Alvy finally has his vision of Annie locked up where it should be, where he can exercise loving, absolute control over it: in his fertile, funny mind.

This sexist underside to *Annie Hall* doesn't keep the surface from glistening handsomely. Besides, the message is often concealed and modified by the nutty-but-nice rapport between Allen and Keaton, by the Muppet-soft tone of the comedy, by the film's signature tune ("Seems Like Old Times"), which offers Keaton her finest moment, when she sings it halfway through the film, and which underlines the poignancy of their final meeting. This last shot—looking toward the Lincoln Center plaza from inside O'Neal's Baloon, a bar-restaurant in which New Yorkers anticipate or argue over the Center's plays, opera, music, films—is lovely and moving.

It's also the key to Woody Allen's sentiments; for *Annie Hall* is a valentine not to Diane Keaton but to New York. It's New York that harbors the kind of eccentrics Alvy can understand: the "left-wing Communist Jewish homosexual pornographers." It's New York that offers Woody Allen the mobility and anonymity he needs. And it's "The City of New York" that is thanked by Woody Allen—comic, pessimist, sentimental misogynist, neat filmmaker—in the film's final credit. Woody may have offered his Whitman's Sampler to Diane Keaton, but his gift to New York is *Annie Hall*: a wormy, candy-coated Big Apple.

Music

Janis isn't a prodigy anymore

By Ruth Rosenbaum

Janis Ian is on her back on the living room floor of her new customized Greyhound touring bus, arms outstretched, shouting above the rock music blaring from a stereo cassette player.

"Take me, take me, oh *please!* Shit, forget it—only God can make me come."

Stu Woods, her bassist, who's been coloring away furiously on a giant King Kong poster, rushes her a glass of stale orange juice.

"Poor girl, take this, quick!"

"Oh, no! Smegma!" Ian screams, and is up in a split second, backing off, nearly colliding with second vocalist Claire Bay, who's just emerged from the private quarters they share in the rear of the bus.

"Hey, it was a good concert,

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CUNNINGHAM

On tour: Audiences come to succumb

guys," Janis flashes her bashful little-kid grin at the band. "But I still want you much louder on the drums, Barry, *much* louder—you know, like the louder the better."

Singer-songwriter Janis Ian, known in recent years for her wispy, quavering voice, for heart wrenchers like "Jesse" and "Stars" and for self-pitying laments that hit you over the head with her vulnerability, is upstaging herself with electric guitar, echo chambers and heavy percussion in a current promotional tour for *Miracle Row*, her new Columbia album. While many fans do a double-take when her rock persona materializes on stage, Janis insists, with a trace of pleasurable rebellion, that her new music is "much more in character."

"Working with the band has allowed me to open up," she explains. The band—Claire, Stu, Barry Lazarowitz on drums and percussion and Jeff

Layton on lead guitar—are Janis' "best friends, my family. I can trust them completely. Many people don't realize how fragile art is, how easily it's torn apart—I get really crazy when people start messing with my music, like putting in a string line or mixing it a different way than I hear in my head. I can't handle it."

Miracle Row was conceived in maximum security. First there was the purge of dissidents Herb Gart and Brooks Arthur, executive producer and producer of *Stars, Between the Lines* and *Aftertones*, Janis' only three successful albums since 1967's *Society's Child*.

"I saw it coming during the work on *Aftertones*," explains Arthur, who has gone on to produce Bette Midler, Keith Carradine and Peter Allen. "Rather than discuss or argue things out like she used to—which was fine—she'd just bark, tell me to 'fuck off,' literally, if I suggested something different from what she had in mind." Thus Janis rose to producership, along with coproducer Ron Frangipane, who considers her a new Renaissance woman, "the 20th century individual, the 20th century artist, man alone, if you will."

Janis' decision to scrap string, brass and woodwind accompaniment, and entrust the sounds in her head entirely to her hand-picked band, was motivated as much by xenophobia as by musical considerations. "Outside musicians couldn't be as dedicated, or give as much attention to the parts." There have been suggestions that Janis and her band are *too* close, too insulated to absorb incoming critical judgments. But she considers such remarks mere meddling.

"I don't keep my ears open for criticism. It's either good and I agree with it and already plan to do something about it, or it's bad and I disagree with it so I don't care, or it's irresponsible . . ."

Like, she explains, a rock writer's saying Phoebe Snow "will never be someone's idea of beautiful." "Who cares? What does that have to do with her music?"

And like those who criticize Janis for never using 'she' in her lovesong lyrics, for not making a political statement out of her bisexuality?

"Yeah, that's ridiculous," Janis says with contempt. "I try for a universal way to express love in my lyrics. 'He' is more universal; I'm not writing protest songs."

Into the third week of the nine-week tour, word came down from Columbia Records headquarters in New York: Ian's concerts were not selling well anywhere, despite "Columbia's breaking their ass for her," as a Florida promo man put it. Two weeks later, a source revealed, ticket sales were still "disastrous." On the road, though, you get a different impression. At the Florida dates I saw, Janis' audiences, while not jam-packed, were solid with devotees who consistently gave her standing ovations, fruit baskets and touching notes.

Janis walks onstage with a dynamic, plowing gait. At 4' 10", with her curly, moppet-style hair prematurely graying, wearing heavy blue-green eye shadow, she looks more like a junior high kid powdered and primped for a part in a play than a 26-year-old pop singer. While her playing—on both electric and acoustic guitars—is extremely confident, her rigid stance maintains the bashful, insecure image that her audiences seem to thrive on. In the numbers Claire and Janis sing together—more this tour than previ-

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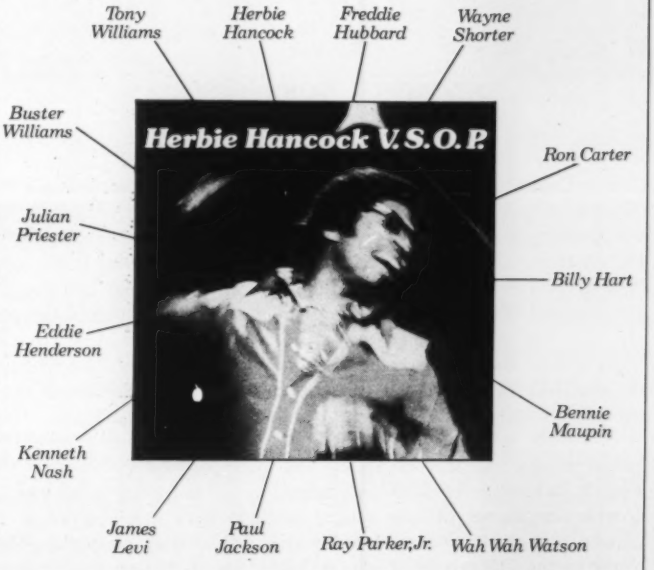

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ously—Claire serves as an onstage alterego. Tall, dressed in silk slacks and delicate blouses (Janis wears a black pantsuit and white tailored blouse), Claire, in constant motion, provides, Janis tells her audiences, "the only struts we get."

In the concerts of the first leg of the tour, Janis devoted her entire first set to earlier songs. "Jesse" and "Stars" seemed to move the crowd most. After cutting into the first few chords with applause, the audience became silent, transfixed, as if Janis were sitting directly across from each one of them, distressed, vulnerable, telling her story. It's not so much the words that compel—it's that Ian knows how to write music for her voice, which at its best has an extraordinary hypnotic power. And her audiences obviously come to succumb.

But by the final week of the tour, at her Carnegie Hall Concert, *Miracle Row* numbers had crept into the first set and the effect of the introspective "Jesse"-type songs had markedly lessened. Apparently comfortable with her "louder the better" philosophy, Janis delivered Jesse à la Streisand, and clouted out some other earlier songs without the subtle shifts in tone that made them engaging and distracted from what many consider embarrassingly self-indulgent lyrics.

Miracle Row was to be innovative—a break from self-absorption and sameness; Janis even delights in thinking that some people "will be appalled by [its] lack of compromise." Certainly, on the surface, the album is more lively and varied than previous ones. The band gets into rock, jazz and Spanish rhythms, and Janis' voice ranges from her usual plaintive tones to nightclub brassiness. But actually the album is a compromise of her unique vocal potential for merely mediocre entertainment. There are her familiar themes—rejection, unrequited longings, social malaise—but where the older songs effectively conveyed a *sense* of emptiness, in *Miracle Row* the emptiness comes across as formulated, not felt. And Ian's habitual melodramatic "Eleanor Rigby" chord sequences now lack the artful patterning that make them work so well in songs like "In the Winter" (from *Between the Lines*). The supposedly upbeat or innovative numbers suffer from lyrics that sag between the rhymes and bland, cloying melodies. (Take "Slow Dance Romance," "Candlelight" and "Miracle Row" for example.) In certain cases, the band's excellent rock interludes provide the chief musical interest. Some nice touches: "Maria" and "Take to the Sky," both good experiments in form, and "Party Lights," spiced with a choppy, syncopated piano beat.

Janis Ian curses the newspapers announcing her concerts. They're still introducing her as the 15-year-old genius behind "Society's Child" (her 1967 hit about a black/white couple forced to separate), and they speak of her comeback four years ago—after a long bout with drugs and depression—as if it were yesterday. Even the Grammy Award she won in 1976 for "At Seventeen" failed to shift attention from the prodigy she used to be.

"It really is inhibiting her career," coproducer Ron Frangipane told me. She just wants to go ahead with her work, and there are all these influences in the way. . . ."

Actually, the constant retelling of "The Return of Society's Child," emphasizing Janis' vulnerability and making her comeback seem more recent than it was, may allow her the luxury of trying new directions, with mediocre results, but without alienating her audiences.

At the end of a concert at the University of Florida in Gainesville, I overheard two young couples:

"I don't appreciate this new sound she's come up with." "Yeah, she's trying too hard to be a rock star, but she just doesn't make it."

"No, neither does the music."

I began to ask them about their comments, but as soon as I said I was writing about Janis, one of the men said, "Oh, I wouldn't want to criticize her or anything. I mean, it's admirable that she's trying so many different styles."

"Yeah," the woman with him added, "I'm glad to see she's still back in the running. She went crazy for a while, didn't she?"

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ **Unpredictable,** *Natalie Cole* (Capitol); ★ **Rated Extraordinaire,** *Johnnie Taylor* (Columbia); ★★ **Coming Back For More,** *William Bell* (Mercury); ★★★ **Where is Your Woman Tonight?,** *Soul Children* (Epic). It's a mixed season for soul albums so far. The biggest hit belongs to Natalie Cole, whose third lp has made the pop Top 10. *Unpredictable* is anything but, though: following the formulas that first brought her success, Cole and her gifted producers, Marvin Yancy and Chuck Jackson, have skillfully crafted a wide-ranging set of new songs, arranged with taste and executed with verve by the Chicago musicians. As hit singles these days go, "I've Got Love on My Mind" is pretty graceful, right down to the stately opening piano line. Cole's strength remains versatility, her weakness a certain anonymity: at one moment she evokes Aretha, at another Diana Ross. Will the real Natalie Cole please stand up?

One big surprise this spring has been the commercial recovery of Southern soul. Johnnie Taylor pointed the way last year with "Disco Lady," but his new album is a glossy bore. More satisfying is the work of William Bell, the staff composer at Stax/Volt who wrote such sixties soul classics as "You Don't Miss Your Water." Taking his clues from Memphis soulmate Al Green, Bell rivals the master with two creamy ballads, "Tryin' to Love Two" and his album's title cut; but the record itself is uneven. Yet another exile from Stax/Volt is the Soul Children, a very talented vocal trio. Despite needlessly cluttered production, their latest lp benefits from impassioned singing, and, in the title track, a sharp hit single.

★★★ **Rumours,** *Fleetwood Mac* (Warner Bros.); ★★ **Fundamental Roll,** *Walter Egan* (Columbia). At first spin, *Rumours* resembles a tepid Big Mac: the vocals and mix sound flat, the songs gloomy. But the bleak mood is intentional, and the real analogy is not to stale hamburgers but to that other all-American disaster, immortalized by Neil Sedaka in "Breaking Up is Hard to Do." The group's subtle execution repays close listening, and confirms the arrival of the Lindsey Buckingham/Stevie Nicks/Christine McVie edition of Fleetwood Mac as a distinctive voice in contemporary rock. As if to drive the point home—and imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, right?—Buckingham and Nicks have helped produce, play and sing on American singer/songwriter Walter Egan's debut; the result is snappy pop, but peculiarly faceless, rather like a Fleetwood Mac album without the Fleetwood, the Mac, or the guts of the real thing.

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Final Tribute

On the waterfront/By Charles P. Larrowe

Long before Watergate, before the invention of paper shredders, before John Dean was even born, Harry Bridges knew all about dirty tricks. For three decades, the federal government tapped his phone, bribed witnesses to testify against him, had its G-men shadow him day and night, kept him tied up in court for years at a time.

For Bridges, those days are long gone, though hardly forgotten. Now, as he retires from the presidency of the west coast longshoremen's union, which he founded 40 years ago, he is an elder statesman of the American labor movement, a pillar of the Establishment in his hometown of San Francisco. At 76, respectability has come to Harry Bridges.

It is hard to believe that Bridges really is retiring. A wiry 5'10", 150 pounder, he still talks a mile a minute in his thick Australian accent. With his nose riding his face like a figurehead on an old windjammer, he sits in a chair almost reluctantly, as though about to spring to his feet at any moment.

And certainly he is as cocky as ever. It is easy enough to picture him in his prime, when he kept shipowners in ulcers with his wildcat strikes, slowdowns and coastwide shutdowns, all carried off with an efficiency that made John L. Lewis look like a rookie just up from the minors. That was the Harry Bridges whom the government four times tried to deport to his native Australia as a member of the Communist party.

It started in 1934. West coast longshoremen were demanding that shipowners bargain with their newly formed union. The shipowners said no, said it with tear gas, vigilantes and billy clubs wielded by cops who thought they were in the front line against a Communist takeover. Up and down the coast, the waterfront was turned into a battlefield; when it was over, nine longshoremen and a strikebreaker lay dead. For angry San Francisco dock wallopers, it was too much; they shoved aside their frightened leaders and put Bridges in charge. Until then, outside of the longshoremen he'd worked with for ten years, nobody had heard of Harry Bridges.

Certainly William Randolph Hearst had never heard of Bridges, but he put aside his campaign against the Yellow Peril and used the front pages of his newspapers to discredit the fiery young strike leader by denouncing him as a Communist. Before long, the press across the nation was in full cry, solemnly informing readers that the leader of the longshoremen's strike was a Red. Not even a U.S. citizen, either. A bloody Aussie, for Chrissake!

Before the strike was over, west coast businessmen, who desperately wanted to prevent the new union from gaining a foothold, were high-pressuring Washington to deport Bridges. For a while, the government kept its cool, but, inevitably, the old House Un-American Activities Committee got into the act, threatening to impeach the Secretary of Labor for not deporting Bridges. "Has this fellow Bridges done anything to overthrow the government?" FDR asked in a cabinet meeting. "No," replied the secretary.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT W. KELLEY/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC

Senate hearing: Bridges in 1949

"Then why in the world," asked the president, "should a man be punished for what he thinks, for what he believes That's against the Constitution."

For four years, Washington stood fast against a withering barrage of demands that Bridges be thrown out of the country, but in 1938 it finally caved in and ordered his deportation. It had to be handled gingerly, though, because by 1938 Bridges wasn't just anybody. He was president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, and west coast director of the CIO.

His deportation hearing lasted ten weeks, and ended in a victory for Bridges. That should have ended it, but, a few months after his acquittal, Congress changed the immigration law to give the government a new basis for getting rid of this radical from Down Under.

That led to a second hearing, which Bridges lost, but in 1945 the Supreme Court said he could stay. "Seldom if ever in the history of this nation," one justice said, "has there been such a concentrated and relentless crusade to deport an individual because he dares to exercise the freedom guaranteed to him by the Constitution."

Bridges still had two more trials ahead of him, but after the government had taken him to court for the fourth time on the same charge, the judge—echoing the Supreme Court decision of ten years earlier—threw out the government's case once and for all.

During all those years, when he wasn't in court, Bridges was building one of America's most democratic unions (his salary was never more than the wages of the highest-paid workers on the waterfront) and getting impressive contracts for his members, who today are better off economically than dockworkers anywhere in the world. One clue to why Bridges alone survived among "radical" labor leaders came at his last union convention during a debate on a resolution calling for a six-hour day with no reduction in pay. "It won't work, brothers and sisters," he said. "It's completely unrealistic. You've got to have a practical program. All the union can ask for is a fighting chance for that, not a revolution."

Workers have always responded to Bridges, not only because he is incorruptible and has done so much for so many of them, but because he thinks like them. He shares their attitudes and quirks; you see it in his reserve about his personal life, his general wariness, his distrust of intellectuals. Actually, Bridges sometimes has been known to enjoy associating with intellectuals, even with the rich—if they were prominent enough. He was a sucker for the glamorous Hollywood crowd that lionized him at one time.

But his members understood all that, too. For he shared their temptations as well as their fair employment goals. He liked to drink. He liked women. He loved to play the horses. These are not the things his members will remember best about Bridges, though. "I worked with Harry for 33 years," says one retired longshoreman. "I never met a man with greater physical or moral courage."●

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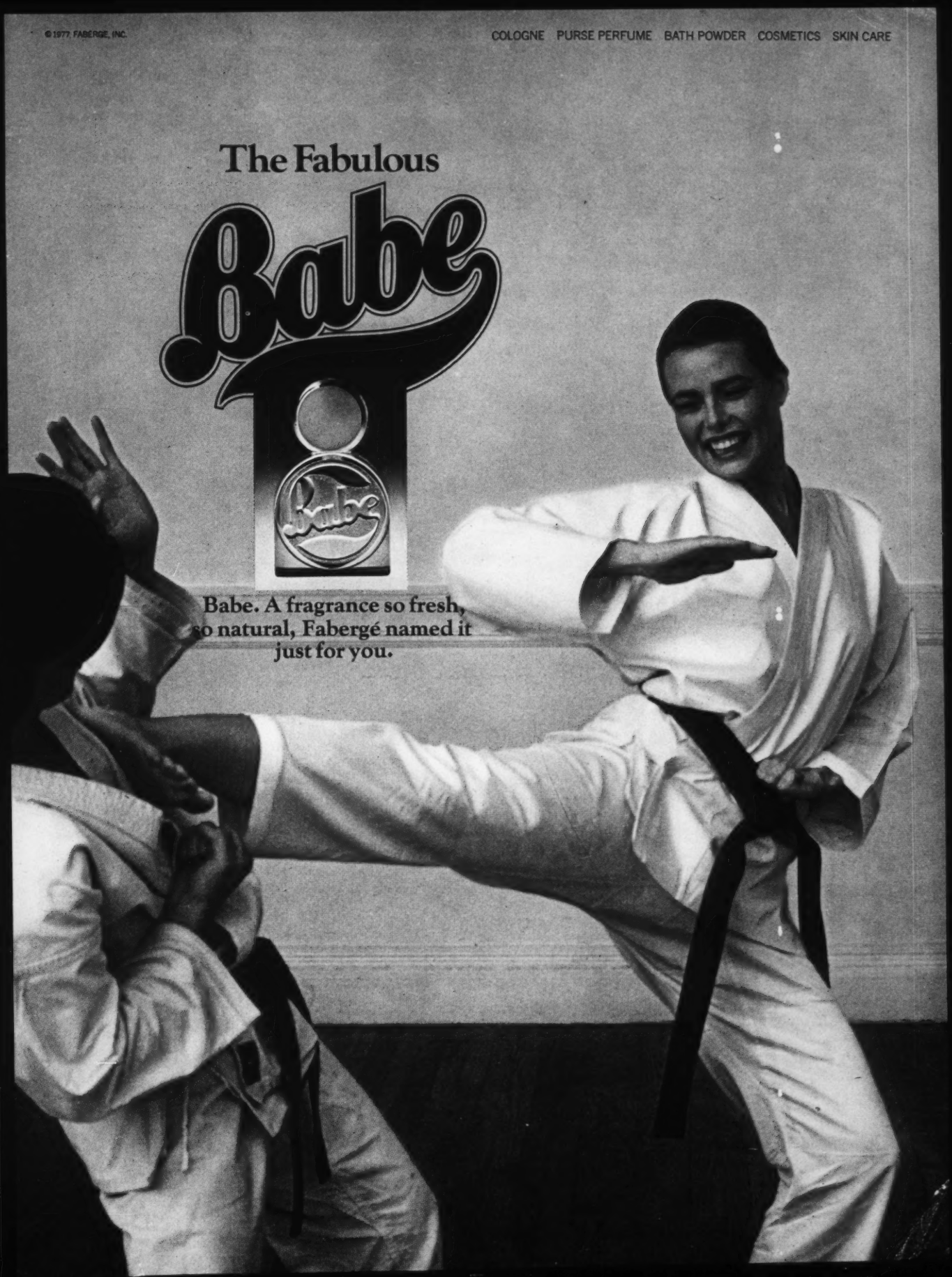

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